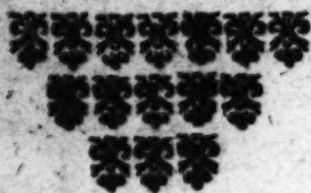


afflicted at these tydings than were others; but she had the prudence and discretion not to shew any joy; and the King of *Arragon* not being willing to leave any thing imperfect, having a desire to shew how far the generosity of a Soul truly Royal can extend, and which knew how to subdue it self, interceded with King *Charles* for a Match between 'em: The Count *d'Aveline*, besides his particular merit, was of an Extraction that allowed him to aspire to Princesses of the Blood: so as having also employed in his behalf the solicitations and good Offices of several other Princes his Friends and Allies, they at length prevailed with the King of *Naples* to give his consent to this Alliance, having ever had a very tender kindness for this Lord. He began to recover of his wounds, but this piece of news perfected his cure; the King himself would needs bring him these joyful tydings, and do the like at the same time to the Queen, whom he desired that she would be pleased to
make

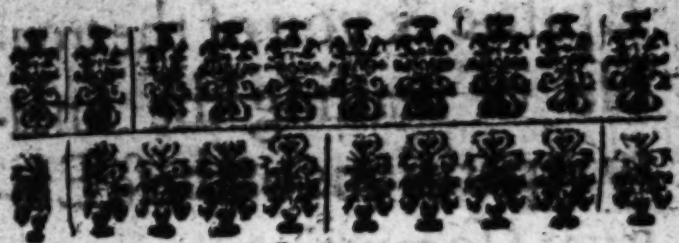
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make

THE
AMOURS
OF
Bonne Sforza,
QUEEN
OF
Polonia.



L O N D O N,
Printed by T. M. for R. Bently
in Covent-Garden. 1684.





TO THE
Most Accomplish'd Lady,

M A D A M

Mary-Elizabeth Manly.

Madam,

THis Title does so
justly speak your
Perfections in the
great, that it may ease
me of the Modish Labour
A 3 of

The Epistle

of retailing them in this Epistle, & you of the trouble of reading the uneasy repetitions of these Elo-gyes (so nautious to generous minds, though never so deservedly expressed) which you daily receive from all parts. You, *Madam*, who are so remarkably known by your own Merits, that it is the same to dedicate to you, as to say, to the most vertuously accomplished Lady in the World. And though I
am

Dedictory.

am full of confidence, that
if this wanton Queen,
whose story I humbly pre-
sent to you, were ever to
have been reclaimed, it
must have been through
the benign'd influence of
so exemplary a Virgin as
yours, I have taken the
boldness to recommend
this little Peace, not so
much to your protection,
as to the judicial censure
of so absolute a Mistress
of Languages, as you are
Madam, in hopes that you

The Epistle, &c.
will be a Judge as favourable, as you are decerning,
in the endeavours of

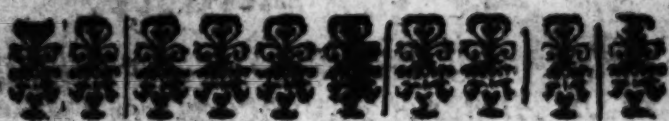
Madam,

Your most Humble

Servant,

D. B.

Advice



Advice to the

R E A D E R.

Reader,

I Think that a Word of Advice concerning this Little Book, will not be altogether useless. There may be divers Persons, who not very learned in the Amorous Chronicles of Princes; would be ready to condemn that Liberty which I take of making the Gallant History of a Queen; but the Publick may be informed; that She of whom I speak, has been according to the most sincere Historians, one of the Princes in the World; that has most caused her self to be spoken of, on the Account of Gallantising. And that towards the latter end of her dayes, having retired her self in her Dutchy of Barr, scituated in the
King-

To the Reader.

Kingdom of Naples, She died there, in the Armes of Pappacoda her Lover, That the Last sigh she should send forth, might be a sigh of Love.

It is easy to Judge from those faithful strokes of the Hystorian, if that the Adventures which I relate of this Princess are unjust, and whether it be Imposition to give her two or three Lovers, who were much more Worthy than her Pappacoda. As to what concerne the Bishop, I confess that there might be something of my own in those Incidents which I bestow on him. But besides that from all Ages, Persons of that Character have passed for the Children of Adam as well as others; We see by a great number of examples, that in this Age, they are not over much reformed, and that men lay down their Humane frailtyes but with their Lives.



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vels, Printed for R. Bentley
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THE

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THE



THE AMOURS

OF

Bonne Sforza,

QUEEN OF POLONIA.



After the Death of Queen
Barbara, the General Diet of
Poland having Represented
unto Sigismundus their King, that
the Good of the State required he
should Marry again; He took to
second Wife, the Princess *Bonna*,
Daughter unto *John Galeas*, Duke
of *Milanes*.

That Princess, whose Beauty
had made such a noise in the
World, was Received by the Po-
lishes with such Magnificence and

B

Accla-

Acclamations, as spread themselves into the most remote parts of that Kingdom. They were such Feastings and Rejoycings, as lasted so much the more, by reason that the Queen did seem to take Great Delight in them, and that she was the first also, in inventing very Gallant Ones.

That Court, besides the Strangers that were there at such a time, was then Composed of the Gallantest Persons in *Europe*, who in such an Occasion did all endeavour to outvie one another, not only in Gallantry and Activity, but in such a Magnificence also, with so Prodigious Expence, that the King was Obliged to put a stop to their Profusions, in setting of Limits to these Festivals.

The Queen, who came from so Gallant a Country as is *Italy*, had heard talk of *Poland*, as of a Barbarous Place. At least she had so little expected to see, what she did

did see there, that she was wholly surpriz'd, and did no longer regret so much, that which she had lately left.

She was Naturally of a very Callant Humour, and she was Charm'd with the Pleasure of seeing the Effects, which her Beauty did produce in all hearts. Neither was she much insensible for her part; and having found in the Court such *Cavaliers*, as well deserved to be considered, she did not scruple to mix sometimes some Sighs, with those Adorations that others had for Her.

As there was nothing more Beautiful, than her Person, and that she contributed also by all her Charming wayes, in the gaining of the Hearts, as well as good Wives, of all Persons, she presently had as many Adorers as Subjects. Amongst which she would make Choice of those that were most to her mind, which she call'd

her *Select*, and upon these there was bestowed sometimes a *Ring*, sometimes a *Scarfe*, a *Bracelet*, a *Picture*, other *Presents* and *Favors*, which were rendered more Considerable by the Manner and Time of giving them, than all that can be reckoned most sensibly moving in Love.

They were not only young *Cavaliers* that felt the Effects of this Charming Poyson ; But the Ministers of State also, of all Ages, and even those of the Gown, that had the greatest Esteem, and the most Power in the State. She knew how to entertain them all, with those little Favours, each in such a certain Confidence of his own good Fortune, that there was not one amongst them, but flattered himself of having the best share in her Favour. And in that Opinion, her Cyphers and Colours were seen in all places ; every day did afford some *Tournament*, or *Festival*,

for Love of her; besides *Mot-
tos, Verses*, and a thousand other
Gallantries, which were Addres-
sed to her alone.

Sigismund was a Prince very clear-
sighted; He was past fifty: An Age
fit to entertain Jealousie, especial-
ly with a young Wife of her hu-
mour, and so Beautiful as was the
Queen: But she had the Art of
Dissipating all those shadows her
self, making the King privy unto
the Folly of all her Lovers, of
which she made Sport with him.
This kind of pretended Sincerity
would quiet that good Prince's
mind; and judging that it was
Reasonable he should have some
Complaisance for a young Princess,
who could not so readily lay aside
the Customes of her own Country,
he permitted her to live after her
own manner.

Thus the Number of the *Select*
did daily encrease: There were but
three Ladies only, that were not

well pleased with that Princesses Actions, above all the Fair ones, which she did not Love. They were almost all forsaken by their Lovers. The Queen could not endure, that any thing should be done for Love of them; and whoever did attempt it, was presently out of Favour.

The Dutchess of Ostrog was the only Person, that did somewhat uphold the Honour of the Ladies of the Country. She was a perfect Beauty; who did bear one of the first Ranks at Court; and the Person who at the very first, had given the most of Jealousie unto the Queen. She had not all that spriteness, nor that Pleasantness, that the Beautifull brown Ladies have, as had this Charming Princess. But she was a Woman of a great Presence, of a Pleasant Aspect, and of an Excellent Stature; with these might be added, her Fair Complexion, her Eyes and
all

all the Features of her Face, with her Hairs of a Dazling Brightness. She was a Lover of Pleasures and of Gallantries, and yet for a long time she did pass for a Discreet Woman; which is the Art that Women of Wit use.

It was at this Dutcheſs's, that the most Rational Persons of the Kingdom did daily resort; and that was call'd, the Little Court; but such a little Court, as frequently did give the first Motion unto all that was acted of most Gallant in the Greatest. The Count of Tarnaw, was as the Head of it. He was the best shaped Lord of the Kingdom, who had the greatest Wit, Brave, Gallant, Generous, Beloved of the King, and of all the Court.

The first Spight which the Queen had a mind to shew the Dutcheſs of Ostrog, was to deprive her of that Lord, who was worth

divers others of that Court. And in so doing, she did not only satisfie that Womanish Vanity of Carrying it above all others, but she follow'd also the Inclinations of her heart; for *Tarnaw* was one of the most amiable men of the World. He was intimate Friend unto the Duke of *Ostrog*, and it was thought that he might hold some place near the fair Dutchess also, but not peradventure that went so far as to Gallantise. At least that was so well manag'd, that the Publick, who is but little indulgent on such kind of things, did more favour the Dutchess, than it was wont to do in regard of other Ladies, for till then she had not been suspected. But the Queen, who was yet full of all the Maxims of her own Country, and that was not of opinion, That a man of Wit, and a Beautiful woman, could long see one another, without Consequences, did not doubt

doubt but that *Tarnaw* was with the Dutchess in Title of Gallant after the highest manner.

She put in use all her Charmes, to make assault in point of Beauty, with that stately Lady. There was nothing but Kindnesses and Complaisances for *Tarnaw*. Presents, and such wayes, as were yet more ingaging than the Presents themselves, that would speak much, but all to no purpose; for no hearing nor seeing could be procured, *Tarnaw* did alwayes shew an unparallel'd Constancy, for the Dutchess's Party.

Not but that this Cavalier, as well as the rest, had found that there was nothing more Charming than the Queen; and that if he had followed the Tendency of his own Heart, he had submitted unto the necessity, of not casting one's Eyes on that Princess without adbring of her. But that Croud of Adorers which he did continually

behold about her, and which she received, did take him off. In this he thought it a point of Honour, not to do as the rest did, but to remain inseparably tyed unto the Dutchess. The Queen, who was not accustomed to so much Resistance, vexed at a Proceeding which she looked upon as an Injury offered to her Beauty by the Count; did in a moment, pass from all these Sweets unto mortal Hatred; and did shew nothing but Contempt for him. But that was not yet sufficient. Womens minds run more naturally unto Revenge, she was studying of one, which should Content her. For she could give it the satisfaction of Triumphant over her Rival; and of ruining the Count; which was by causing her self to be belov'd by the Duke of Ostrog.

The Duke was a man of Wit, who through the Character of General which he had, as well as by his
 behold Birth

Birth, did hold one of the first Ranks in the Kingdom. He was very much consider'd by the King, and he did understand very well his Duty; but he had Eyes and an Heart, that were made just like other mens. And what cannot a Beautiful Princess do, that employes all her Charms to corrupt the Fidelity of a Gallant man? The Duke of Ostrog surrender'd himself, and so soon as he was permitted to be heard, he offer'd Vows and Homages, Life and Fortune, and all that he could offer. But as he had more measures to observe than the rest of the Selected, he did more Closely manage himself, and would not allow, that his Passion should have any other Witnesses than the Queen and his own Heart.

That Princess, who had her Designs, and who desired no further of Love, than the Noise and Rumour of it, did not well like the
prudence

prudence of her Gallant; It availed nothing to be belov'd by the Duke, except the Dutchess knew of it. She did all that she could to let her know it; which would sometimes put the discreet Husband into despair. And there were some moments, in which he would repent of having engaged himself so far. And if it were with Love as with other things, that one might rid one self of it at pleasure, he had peradventure renounced unto that which he had for the most-Charming Princess of the world; but the most Dangerous also, and the most fit to disturba good Family.

It was not that he lov'd his Wife more than Courtiers usually do, but he had no mind to set her so ill an Example. He knew that she had very good Arms, wherewith to revenge her self of his Perfidiousness; and the less faithfull of all Husbands, takes no delight

delight in being deceived by his Wife.

The Dutcheſs of *Oſtro*g was not blind. She was one of the firſt that perceived her Huſbands ill wayes; and that div'd into the Queens deſigns: But ſhe did but laugh at it, with the Count *Tarnaw*. The Machines of that Princeſs, having not had a good Effect that way, they had no better a ſucceſs neither on the Dukes Part. It was in vain that ſhe attempted to make him Jealous of the Count with his wife: He had a great opinion of the Dutcheſs's Virtue. And he believ'd *Tarnaw* to be ſo much his Friend, and ſo honeſt a Man, that he would have thought he had done them a piece of Injuſtice, in barely ſuſpecting them of Perfidiousneſs.

The Queens Spight and Jealouſy did ſtill increaſe, through all thoſe fruitleſs Endeavours. But the Hatred which ſhe had for the Count
could

could not last so long; because that it was Affected only. She was during some dayes very much out of humour; and at last, to please herself, she must come to a new Onset, on that Heart that was insensible, but only to her. She thought it necessary to bring her Rival near unto her own Person again, and to shew her more Kindness than she had done.

The Dutchesse, being Taken with that Charming Bait, of being well at Court again, perceiv'd not the Poyson which lay under it. There was nothing but continual Feastings, and parties of Divertisements, where *Taynaw* was sure to be one.

This Cavalier did begin to perceive, that men were not always the same; and that it was very dangerous to be too often a Spectator of those Charms, for which one may have had some Disposition of being inflamed. He did find the
 Queen

Queen more Beautiful than ever, and he was full of such Cares and Diligence in serving and following her, as he had not had before. The Dutchess took notice of it; and she would tell it the Count. She told him by the bye, that she could perceive some change in her Conduct; but far from making use of any Means unworthy of her heart, whereby to oppose it, through an height of Ambition, she did contribute unto some pretty Entertainments, which she might at least have interrupted by her Presence.

As for the Duke, he was not so easy to be handled; he was the most impatient and the most Jealous of all Lovers. He was presently strangely Allarum'd at the Count's fresh Pursuites. He knew his Merit, and of all his Rivals he could not see any so much to be fear'd as that was. He imagined that his own Passion was

ve-

very secret, and that there were no danger of speaking of the Queen to the *Count*.

He one day at the Running of the Ring, took occasion so to do. He was in course with his Friend, drawing near him, Take heed to your self, said he, lowly, for there are great Designs on your heart. I fear nothing, answer'd the *Count*, smilingly; and it has been long since of proof against the most dangerous Assaults. You know not, reply'd the Duke, what Enemies you have to do with; they are two delicate Eyes, continu'd he, which command here; and that have observ'd you ever since your coming in. It is very difficult to resist them. While he was speaking to him in this manner, his Eyes were fixed upon him to endeavour to discover by the change of his Face, what pass'd in his Heart. And perceiving some Alteration of his usual Colour, You blush, added he; then

then you know what I aim at : You are Catch'd already ; and peradventure, the Happiest of all men. Say rather, replied the Count, that I am the most Ungrateful of all men, after the Care that is taken, to shew me the good Will that some have towards me ; but I know my Duty, and I will do it. Very weak Reasons Count, replied Ostrog, those that Duty produces against Love, and you are not Ungrateful, since you acknowledg your Ingratitude. Confess the truth to me, continu'd he without giving of him any time to answer : You would fain make use of your Discretion with me, but yet I know that you answer very well all those favourable Intentions, which are had in your behalf. I answer them so ill, reply'd Tarnav (who would put an end to this Conversation,) that never did man deserve Death so much as I do.

In

In all that Discourse, which made an end of confounding the Poor Duke, there was not only some Vanity on the *Counts* side, but there was Malice also. He was not ignorant of his friends Love towards the Queen; and he design'd to punish him for his not confiding in him, in concealing it from him.

The Sport ended, *Tarnaw* had the Prize, which consisted in a Picture of the Queen, which she was to give her self. As he drew near her to receive it, she told him softly, That long since he might have had greater Advantages, if he could have told how to have made the best advantage of his good Fortune. The *Count* surpriz'd at those words, whose sense he understood very well, did answer in some kind of Disorder, That there could be no Advantages that he could prefer unto the Honour of serving the greatest Princess on earth. You should,
replied

reply'd the Queen, serve Persons after their own manner, and then you might succeed. But, continued she, (turning her head, to observe if any body did hearken,) this is not a business to discourse of before so many Persons. Come this Evening at nine, on the Terrace which answers to my Closet, and you shall know what I have to say to you on that account.

After this she suddenly turn'd her self towards the King, who was speaking to some Ladies, and gave him her hand, to go a walking.

The Count's mind was so fill'd with these last words, that he thought it fit to retire home, to think there on a business as important in its Consequences, as any that ever had yet happened to him. He did perceive how far that Rendezvous would go, which was to have him speak his whole Thoughts, and

and the Danger which he did run of a total Rout. He was invited unto it after a manner that could not be resisted ; his Honour as well as his Heart, did find a thousand Charmes in it. The Triumph was Illustrious ; and there was no Life, which he did not think well employed, in exposing it on so Glorious, and so Charming a Subject as that was

With these or such like Thoughts did he entertain himself, till the hour of Assignment ; which was no sooner come, but that he incessantly rendered himself on the *Terrass*. There he found the Queen expecting of him already, who receiving him with an Ayr full of Sweetness, You see, said she, *Count*, that this is but on your account. Here I meet you singly, only one Woman with me, that I confide in. The King is at play, and we shall have some Time to discourse here of our business. In the Confusion that
the

the Count at first was, at the sight of that beauteous Princess, he wanted a Voice to answer with; which is an ordinary Effect of Love. The Queen took notice of it with Delight, & leaning against the Railes which overlook'd the Garden, she purposely gave him time to recollect himself. But at last perceiving that he did not yet begin to say any thing, the Impatiency she was in to continue her Design, made her to pass over some certain Laws of Manners, unto which Persons of that Rank and Character rarely confine themselves, when it is Love that guides them. Well *Tarnam*, what must I be the first to speak? What think you of the Sentiments that are had for you? I know myself Madam, (he reply'd, with a respectful Gravity) that little Merit that I find in me will not permit me ~~to~~ All is permitted you, said the Queen interrupting him, and you but too well know

know your own Worth. You have done all that you could, to inspire divers things to your advantage into Persons, and perhaps that you have not succeeded ill; but when you had perform'd the most difficult part, you should have gone on. You should speak, and not please your self in suffering such Pains, as peradventure others share in with you. In a word *Count*, added she, I know that you love me; I know it; your Eyes, your Actions, and even your affected Indifferences; all has told it me. Your Heart is mine, permit it to act without Constraint, and lay aside all these Thoughts which seem but to render you the more miserable. *Tarnan*, unto whom those very words alone could have inspired Love, had he not been already in Love with that Charming Princess, replys, What pleasure take you Madam, said he sighing, in rendering me the most
Criminal

Criminal Person in the World?

Is it a Crime to Love me, answered she? Yes Madam, replied that Lover, and the greatest that ever I committed in all my Life, so to dare to lift up my thoughts unto my Sovereign; But though I should expiate it with my Death, I find that I could not repent it; that it is my Fate would have it so, together with your Charms, against which there is no Resistance.

The Queen could not contain the Joy which she had upon this Declaration so full of Transports; Love me, said she to him, with a Charming Smile; if it be a Crime, I'll bear the half of it, and I shall endeavour to render it so mild to you, that you shall have no cause of Complaint. In ending these words she gave him her hand, which that Lover took trembling; But which he Kist'd with such a Passionate Ayr, as any Lover could do. Some

Some moments of Silence, which pass'd afterwards between them, were no less tender and passionate than their Discourses, but the Queen more accustomed than the *Count*, unto those Extrasies of Love, beginning to smile in a kind of Malicious Return, But what will become of the *Dutchess of Ostrog*, said she, when she will know the Wrong I do her, in robbing of her of such a Heart as yours? She will never pardon it me in all her life time. The *Dutchess of Ostrog* Madam, replied the *Count*, does not take so much the interest of my Heart; but though she should, it would be a Sacrifice which I should offer you without any great Repugnancy. It may be, Madam, added he smilingly in his turn, that you would have more in Sacrificing to me the Duke her Husband. If that the Duke, replied she, is capable of giving you any Disturbance, you will soon be delivered of

of it. I consent said She further, that you regulate your self towards the Dutcheſs after the manner that I ſhall treat her Husband. I will never ſee her more, reply'd the *Count*; and I, ſaid the Queen, will rid my ſelf of the Duke to morrow.

These Proteſtations which ſetled the hearts of theſe two Lovers, in reſpect of thoſe Rivals, which each of them had to fear, did conclude by ſuch tenderneſſes, which the Queen let looſe, as quite made an end of the formerly inſenſible *Tarnay*.

Thoſe favours which come from Perſons of that Rank have this advantage, that all charme even to the leaſt Trifles; a Look, a Smile, and Hand given in ſeaſon, a Geſture, the leaſt Tenderneſs, Tranſports and Dazles. *Tarnay* ſcarce knew what was become of himſelf, and did answer but by halves, and confuſedly unto ſome Amo-

C

rous

rous Questions which the Queen
 made him, whether he would love
 her all his life time; and whether
 he was very well pleas'd with her;
 till that at last that Charming Prin-
 cess, who perceived him so trans-
 ported with Joy and Love, as that
 he seemed Incharnted, and to have
 but one moment of Life left, Let
 us go *Taxnav*, said She, let us go
 hence, for we might be here a lit-
 tle too long it may be. I think
 that for the first time, that you
 have seen me in private, you have
 very far advanced your affaires.
 The *Count*, who had been half the
 time kneeling before her, did rise,
 and sighing gave her his Hand to
 lead her; but perceiving that She
 design'd to return to the King, he
 intreated Her to permit him to re-
 tire home, because that he thought
 himself not strong enough to con-
 ceal the Excess of his Joy, before
 such Persons as draw Consequences
 of all things, as Courtiers use to
 do.

do. The Queen approv'd of this
Caution, and told him, That
to have for Prudent a Lover as he
was, was the way to make Love
last a long time.

The night which follow'd that
Entrevue, was for the Count in-
capable of yielding any Rest. Not
that the Remorse which he ought
to have, of the Crime which he
committed against his King, or
that the Fear of the dangers that
he expos'd himself unto did dis-
turb him; Love had already got
too high an hand over him, to af-
ford the least return imaginable
unto Reason. It was the raptures
of Joy, which a thousand Charm-
ing Ideas of those tender things
which the Queen had had for him,
& which did still promise him grea-
ter favours. He slept not, yet the
night did not seem the longer for
that; on the contrary, he did make it
last into the middle of the following
day, so that it was already Dinner
time,

time, when that a Servant came to give him notice of it, and at the same time to tell him, that the Queens Page waited to speak with him. The Page was immediately brought into his Chamber, who presented unto the Count a Packet from the Queen, in which there was a Scarf, and this Note.

‘I will not forgive it you, *Count*,
 ‘if you have slept one single mo-
 ‘ment this night; for Love would
 ‘have treated you better than me;
 ‘and you would not love me half
 ‘so well as you ought to do, or
 ‘that I would have you to do. I
 ‘send you a *Scarf* against the Just-
 ‘ing, which is to be perform’d next
 ‘*Thursday*. You shall take for your
 ‘*Motto* these words.

‘*Tanto piu alto, e Tanto piu ar-
 ‘dore.*

‘We go a Hunting, come you
 ‘also; for I should but ill divert
 ‘my self, if I should not see you there.
 While

While that the *Count* was thus
 busied, the Duke of *Ostrog*,
 who through the great Friendship
 that was between them was dis-
 penced from Ceremonies, being
 come in, he perceiv'd the Page,
 the Scarf, and Note, which the
Count was reading with so great
 an Attention, that he was in the
 midst of the Roome before he
 had perceiv'd it: The confusion he
 was in, when he first perceiv'd
 him was great. The Duke asked
 him, whence came so fine a Present.
 It is without cause you make me
 this question, reply'd the *Count*,
 (who would not mince the matter
 out of season) you have seen the
Queens Page, and you doubt not
 but that it is from her Liberality
 that this favour comes. I was af-
 fraid of deceiving my self, reply'd
 the Duke, and did not think that
 an ungrateful Person, that deserv'd
 death from Her, was worthy of
 so much favour. If all those unto
 whom

whom She has made such Presents.
 reply'd *Tarnaw*, were guilty, you had
 been so long since. One must be
 born, reply'd the Duke, under as
 lucky a Planet as yours, to dare to
 adventure in a Careere, so full of pre-
 cipices as that is. It is the Danger,
 reply'd the Count, which affords
 the Pleasure as well as the Glory of
 the undertakeing. Farewell, said the
 Duke going, I wish that you may
 come out of it with the good For-
 tune which you deserve. I shall
 take counsel upon that, replied the
 Count, when the Enterprise is re-
 solv'd upon; but it shall be from
 the most happy that I shall take
 it.

The Duke being gone out in this
 manner, *Tarnaw* thought of the
 Answer he was to send to the
 Queen, which you may see here.

What hopes of sleep, Madam,
 when you leave me in the Armes
 of a God, that does so little con-
 verse with it; yet how restless
 and

and troublesome as he is to others; I can say, that he has treated me so well, that I should wrongfully complain of him. He has done nothing, but continually spake of you to me; He has represented you to my mind, with all those Charms which render you adorable. There is no Joy equal to mine. Aid him, Madam, if it be possible, to redouble it; though he should take away my Life, with my sleep, I should not complain. I have kiss'd a thousand times that curious Scarf. How great and glorious is my destiny; and with the esteem of so Great and so Charming a Princess, how few mortals are so blest'd as is *Tarnan*!

He gave that Answer to the Page, and call'd to be dress'd. The Conversation which he had had with the Duke, came again into his mind; he was his Friend, and he pittied him; but that which troubled him most, was on the account of the

Dutchess. He could not think on her without Confusion. She had always been the Secretary of his thoughts: They had rallied the Queen a thousand times together; he had boasted of a Contempt for all that Princesses Bounties. Mean time he is gone; how many Reproaches was his Weakness going to procure unto him? He resolv'd not to see her more; in this he satisfied the Queens desire, and at the same time did free himself from that thing, which caus'd him the most Trouble.

This being once concluded after this manner, he would no longer think on the Duke or Dutchess, to relish the full Joy of such a fortune as his. He prepared himself to go to that hunting, and was there presently after the Court.

The Queen had taken the Dutchess of *Ostrog* with her, and that night they were to lye in a house of Pleasure, belonging to the Bishop of

of Crapovia, who was one of the
blessed number of the Queens Se-
lected.

The Duke had not follow'd the
Court in the Troubles, or rather
Delpairs he was in. He sought af-
ter nothing but Solitaryness: Yet
after divers vexations of mind, on
a thousand different Resolutions, on
which his heart floted, being got
on Horse back, he came there to-
wards night: But whereas every
one was very busy in those Diver-
tisements, which the Bishop had
caus'd to be prepared, and that
moreover this Prelate, the most
troublesome, and most assiduous
of all the Election, under pretence
of making the honours of the house,
did not abandon one moment the
Queen: The Duke, the unfortu-
nate Duke, could not all that
night find one occasion to speak
unto her in private. And the
Court withdrew betimes also,
because that the King had a mind

to hunt again the next day; when the Queen being fatigated with that daies sport, dispenc'd her self from going.

Besides the Fatigue, She had her private Reasons also. And the King was no sooner up, and got out of his Chamber, but sending to seek after the Dutchess of *Ostrog*, she caus'd her to come to Bed to her, as she us'd to do with her best Friends, to talk or laugh the rest of the Morning. Do you not know, said she to her, what the Duke of *Ostrog* would have with me, who desired last Night that he might have a quarter of an hours Audience, on a business in which he sayes his Life is concern'd? If it be not a Love concern, Madam, replied the Dutchess smiling, I know not what it can be. A concern of Love, replied the dissimbling Queen? If it concerns me, I assure you that you shall have the Pleasure of it. I have long known,

known, *Madam*, replied the *Dutchess*, that he has the Honour of fighting for you; but I forgive it him, for it is almost the infallible destiny of all those, that have the honour of approaching you. You are a Commodious Wife, replied the Queen; but I know not if you should have as much Indulgency for an other than an Husband. Either Husband or Gallant, reply'd the *Dutchess*, when ever they leave me for so beauteous a Princess, I shall have nothing to say.

The Queen did not think the *Dutchess* very sincere on that point, but she had wherewith to put her suddenly to a Tryal: And returning to speak of the Duke, She told her, that she had ordered the Duke should be told, that he might see her that morning, and that if she would lye close behind her, and promise not to discover her self, She would give her the satisfaction of the whole Entertainment. The *Dutchess*, who would have bought

bought such an Opportunity on much more difficult terms, than those which the Queen propos'd, did easily agree unto it, and promis'd her to observe all her Orders, with all her heart.

So that the houre being come, the Duke was admitted. He appear'd with a pale, and macerated countenance, approaching the Bed, whose Curtains were but half drawn; and kneeling on one knee before the Queen, You see before you, Madam, said he in a low and doleful voice, the most passionate of all mortals, but the most miserable, and the most desperate also; you shall see him for the last time, if you take no pity of him. Whence comes this despair, Duke, reply'd the Queen, of what do you complain? I know, continu'd that unfortunate Lover sighing, that it is not for a Subject to complain of his Queen. But if that the liberty which you have given
to

to my sighs, may in some measure Authorise my complaints, certainly it is in this occasion, when betraying the hopes that your Eyes, and your too Charming Discourses for me, had caus'd my heart to receive, you give marks of your Tenderneſs unto a man, who cannot have deſerv'd them through a real Zeal. And who is that happy man? reply'd the Queen. It is not neceſſary, Madam, reply'd he, to name him to you; it will ſuffice that I tell you, to ſhew you his Indiscretion, that after he had confided to me thoſe Obliging Sentiments which you have for him, he has ſhew'd me the Scarf and Note, which you ſent yeſterday, as Prooſes & Arguments of that Bounty you had for him, from which, he ſayes, he has long endeavour'd to defend himſelf. The Queen laughing at this, ask'd him if that was the thing which ſo much troubled him; and

& if a young giddy head as *Tarnaw* could be capable of making him jealous; *Tarnaw*, who had not been capable to give him any suspicion as to his own Wife, though doubtless with more cause. Ah! Madam, reply'd the Duke, how differently are things felt, in reference to a Wife, and to a Princess that is adored; I could forgive, continu'd he, unto my Friend, all the Treacheries which he could have us'd against me towards the Dutchess, sooner than the least suspicion that he could kindle in me, in respect of you.

The Dutchess was hearkening with a world of patience all her faithful Husbands Sentiments; but young and beauteous as she was, Heavens knows what she had in store for him. The Queen would now and then push her with her foot, to make her observe the chief passages; and the Dutchess

did press her behind to bid her to continue.

If *Tarnaw* has any advantage over you, continu'd the Queen, It is not his Merits that acquires it him; I know very well yours; but I love your Wife. Be reasonable, and be contented with my Friendship; I give it you wholly; and here is my hand for Surety. In saying this she took the Dutchess's hand, which she put half out of the bed, on which the blind Duke did fasten his Amorous mouth; Ah! Madam, said he with a transported Ayre, how easy it would be to pass from friendship to Love towards you, but from love to bare Friendship is such a return, which depends not even of Heaven. What can be done for you then, Duke? continu'd the Queen, who had much to do to contain her self from laughing. Shall you be satisfied, if that for proof of that tender Esteem, that one has for

for you, I grant you the whole Person whole hand you hold? That is too much, Charming Princess, it is too much, repeated the passionate Duke, pressing that delicate hand with his Lips. Less markes of your Complaisancy are able to make me die with Love.

When the Queen saw, that the deceived Duke let himself go thus unto the deceitful Kindnesses which she promised him, that he already began to proceed a little further; She thought that it was time to open the Curtains: Which this Lover taking for a good sign, he set himself on pushing very farr his Boldness, when he saw his Wife appear, whose hand he held yet: Never did clap of Thunder produce so terrible an effect; he did not know whether his eyes were his own, and whether it was the Dutcheß really that he saw; but he was soon perswaded that he was play'd upon, by the great
 101 Laugh

Laughter which the Queen could no longer contain herself from; at which he was cruelly nettled. The Dutchess triumph'd, and taking advantage of the disturbance he was in tells him : Your Faithfulness, my Lord, is of a great example; it may be followed hereafter, and perhaps with better success than your; then it will be seen whether you will be Jealous or no. The Duke reply'd not a word to that; his mind and heart were in such a disorder, through the Change that had so lately been put upon him, that nothing less then venting his Rage in Reproaches, and it might be with Injuryes also, could make him open his mouth, to answer such severe Railleryes as were put upon him. He went out without speaking, and without so much as looking on the Queen, who at last had some pitty of him.

She told the Dutchess, that seeing she had been the Cause of that
dis-

difference, she would also be the
 maker of it up again, that it might
 not spread any further. The
 Dutchess, who thought her self suf-
 ficiently reveng'd of an husband,
 who had not been over successful
 in his Falsehood, did put all her
 interest into the hand of the Queen.
 The Duke of *Ostrog*, was not
 the only Person, that had a Ren-
 dezvous that morning. The Count of
Tarnaw had his hour also ; but there
 were other Sweets prepared for
 him. He was ready to go to the
 Assignation, when he saw the
 Duke enter his Chamber, who
 sat down, and was some moments
 without speaking: The Count, un-
 to whom that Silence, no more than
 the Dukes ill looks, did not pre-
 sage any thing pleasant, did not
 press much to open the discourse ;
 when at last the Duke, you say
 nothing to me, said he, with a
 weak and doleful voice. You
 were to begin, replyed *Tarnaw* ; for
 you

you come not here without design; and if I mistake not, you have something in your mind, which troubles you. I am not so happy as you *Tarnaw*; replied the Duke. But should I tell you my Secret, would you promise me to conceal nothing of Yours? I am not curious of other Persons concerns, replied the *Count*; and that shall not oblige me to tell you mine. That Indifferency, replied the Duke, makes me think, that you sufficiently know already what I have to say; so that I cannot exact any thing from you. You are not ignorant doubtless, that I love the Queen; but you may not know, how far my Passion has gone. I have betrayed you, I have told her all that you had told me on her account; and confess that if Love did not render all excusable, I should not be worthy to live. But you are better reveng'd, than if I had lost my life. I am going

going to live, but to be the more miserable; I yield to the most fortunate. You are belov'd, and though I do you no great service, in giving you up a place to which I have no pretence, I think it is fair for a Lover to abandon it to you. I have nothing more to say to you, continu'd he. Pity in lieu of blaming me; Adieu. The *Count* would have stay'd him, to have some further clearing of the business; but the other would not hearken to him. Farewell, said he, farewell the *third* time. I am going to seek Solitude, where you may one day come and keep me company. Ending these words he went out of the Chamber; his soul so afflicted, that *Tarnav* was moved at it, notwithstanding all the occasions of Complaints which he had against him.

He did not doubt, but that the ill Offices that this Rival had rendered him near the Queen, had made

made a very disadvantageous Effect
 against him in her mind. Yet
 that could not retain him from
 going to her; on the Contrary,
 he had the greater desire of see-
 ing her, to justify himself. He
 came there just at the same time
 that the Dutchess was gone forth.
 The Queen presently looked upon
 him with a disdainful Eye;
 and asked what he came to do
 near her; if it was to have some
 other discourses to make, that
 might flatter his Vanity. *Tarnam*,
 who had prepared himself for a
 worse Reception, rather animated
 than abashed, at the Queens small
 Anger, did fall upon his Knees be-
 fore her, and told her, That he
 knew already the causes of Com-
 plaint, which she might have a-
 gainst him; That the Duke had
 lately told him part of what his
 Jealousy had made him say. But
 that she ought not to believe a
 Rival, nay a desperate Rival. And
 then

then continuing to justify himself with a tender and passionate Aire, he put the Queens mind into a quiet Temper again, who wished more than he, to believe him Innocent.

There was no more words made of this business, but jesting at it. The Duke and Dutcheſs were brought upon the List, and the Adventure of the first made their divertissement. Love had his turn also; I confess that there was no great time left for that, because it began to be Late, and that the Bishop of *Cracovia*, had already demanded two or three times, to be admitted to pay his Devoirs to the Queen: Nevertheless those Moments that were left, were very well imploy'd; and because that in Love there are certain Links of favours, by which one easily and necessarily go from one to another, peradventure that that day the bold *Cowan* had gone very

far; But the troubled *Prelate* of
Cracovia, of all the Selected, of all
the Lovers the most Vigilant,
and the most Jealous, was at the
door, who was the fourth time
asking for admittance, to salute
the Queen; and admittance could
no longer be refused him without
great Consequences, because that
Tarnaw was with her. That was
a Mortal blow for the *Cavalier* to
bear: But the Queen who was
already sensible of her own Weak-
ness, carrying it above the Reasons
that the Throne, and her Duty
could afford, was not it may be
sorry for it. The Bishop came in
with an Ayre as perplexed, as were
our Lovers. There was a general
Silence, which made them all think
on divers strange things. Our
two Selected stood gazing at one
another, and the Queen was making
an end of dressing.

Heavens keep all honest Lovers
from a Rival of the *Mask-Book*.

Those

Those are terrible Lords. This here had not been so earnest, without Reason, in coming to disturb so agreeable a Conversation. He knew what sport was there. His Closet answered to that, in which was the Queen, and through the means of two concealed holes, one might see represented in a great Glass all that was acted there, and all that was said was distinctly heard.

This *Prelate* was one of the best shap'd men of the Kingdom, and that had the most Wit: And setting aside Gallantizing, for he was not reprehensible on that point, he was assuredly a man of great Worth. He knew how to appear outwardly, and he had an Art of agreeing Piety with human frailties; so that passing for a great Gallant, he was however esteemed a very honest man; so true it is, that in all things there is but the Way of doing them.

-He

He could speak most perfect Italian, and he was one of the first that ventur'd to Gallantise the Queen. The Rarity of the thing pleas'd the Queen; and without considering any scruples, as being of the Patrimony of the Church, She pleasingly gave an Ear unto his Sacrifices and Prayers. She was come out of a Country, where abundance of those Examples were frequently seen; and it is but in few other places that Fault is found with it. The Lord Prelate, through the easiness which he found to have his Sighs well liked and approved of, did admire himself, and did attribute the Effects of it, unto his good Qualities, and not to the Queens Gallantizing Humour. He was so proud of it, that he would have dared Love it self to have been his Rival. So that thereby may be guessed, what wonder was his, when that he heard the sweet Conversation,

D

which

which his inconstant Queen had with the *Count*; and when he saw the Bounties with which She honoured him; How often was he tempted, Oh Heavens! to go Stab that too fortunate *Count*, at the Feet of that Princess? Finally some certain returns unto his Sacred Person, reducing him to Reason again, the Armes dropp'd from his Hands, and he was contented with going to interrupt that too cruel Mistry. All that he said to the *Queen*, after the long Silence, into which his almost lost Senses had at first plunged him, came forth as from a Man that was brain-sick. The *Count* retired, and the *Queen*, who was weary of the idle Storyes of this Priest, found out a way of ridding her self of him.

The King, who had a design to go lye at *Cracovia* that Night, returned in good time from Hunting; and so soon as Dinner was over, the Court went towards that City, where

where it arriv'd late: So that our
Lovers had no opportunities of
seeing one another that Night; as
doubtless they had designed: They
were forc'd to content themselves
with some publick Deyoirs, a-
mongst which some Looks and
Sighs were intermix'd, which pro-
mised some other kind of Favours
the day following.

The Count retired himself with
a very contented Heart of that
dayes Success; for he imagin'd,
that he was got to such an height
of good Fortune, that there was
but one step more to advance, to
be entirely Happy. The Dukes
thoughts were quite of another
nature. In that Despair he was,
he had taken leave of the Court
for some Dayes; and was retired
into the Country, where he enter-
tain'd the Rocks and Woods, with
his Misfortunes.

The Lord Bishop had Cares that
were no less burning than his;

yet he had not gone that way to
 work. Solitude did appear to him,
 as means to increase his sorrows, ra-
 ther than to diminish them. Lo-
 vers of that temper, have good
 strong Stomacks, they digest all
 things, and are never disgusted.
 He arose early in the Morning,
 and without trouble, because that
 he had pass'd that Night without
 Sleep, and went directly to Count
 Tarnans House, to have some Con-
 ference with him. He was his
 near Kinsman; and through the
 Dignity of his Office, he thought
 he had right to give him some
 Brotherly Remonstrances. Distri-
 butive Justice would have requi-
 red, that he should begin by him-
 self; but that which is a Crime in
 another, is a Trifle in those Di-
 rectors of Consciences. He came
 into his Chamber, and with a free
 and chearful Countenance, which
 was very usual with him; My
 dear Cozen, said he, doubtless that

I awaken you a little too easily; you that are an happy Lover, that Sleeps not always when you would; but there are certain Busineses in hand, in which I should not shew my self a good Relation; should I neglect them; and I do believe that you will be something oblig'd to me for interrupting your Repose. The Count having answered the Prelates kindness, with civil Complements; the Illustrious Countess pursued in this manner, Would you not be very much surpriz'd, said he, if I should bring you now an Order from the King, for to have you retire to Smolensko; and there to wait his further Pleasure? I should of truth, replyed the Countess, for I do not believe I have deserv'd such an Exile. Merited that Exile? replyed the Bishop, No, it is nothing, to dare to list your Thoughts to the Queen, and to permit your self to be dazzled with the Favours of a Princess, that leads you di-

rectly to a Precipice. Me? replied the *Count*, blushing. Your self, replied the *Cozen*, who though you should not Blush at it, would notwithstanding be Condemned to Suffer the greatest of Torments, if there was not Pitty taken of you, and if your Accusers were not of your Friends.

The *Count*, who thought that his Relation spoke after this manner, but through his Zeal towards him, and the Distrusts which he might have upon the account, that in lieu of following the King to Hunt, he had found him that Morning with the Queen, did boldly maintain, that it would be with great injustice that he should be accused of such a Crime, and that he thought he had not need so much as to make his Defence in it. But the *Prelate*, who was naturally very Eloquent, redoubling the strength of his Remonstrances, with all the particularities of that
Con-

Conversation, which he specified, did put him beyond Answering. And of Truth he had Reason to be Alarm'd at the Recital of all that had pass'd betwixt the Queen and he in a Closet, where they had no other witnesses but Love: It was not likely that that Princess should have confided that Secret to such a Man as was the Bishop of *Cracovia*; and in mean time, unless some familiar Spirit, had design'd to reveal their Amours, he could not imagine that it could be known from any other than the Queen.

All these Thoughts did come and go in his Mind, during the Bishops Discourse; who taking advantage of the Disorder he was in, did begin to draw him a most terrible Picture of his Crime, and of his Ingratitude towards a Prince, which did daily over-whelm him with Kindness; so that awakening in him those just Reproaches, that an honest virtuous Man ought to

use against himself, in such a Case, it wanted but little that his Love was not quite extinct. He produc'd some weak Reasons to excuse himself. But they were overcome by so many others, that he had nothing left but Confusion, in which the Bishop was pleas'd to leave him, telling him, That in this business, there was no less Concern, than his Fortune, his Honour, and peradventure, his Life also; all which he ventur'd for nothing, or at least for a Princess, who was a Woman like others; and that would leave him one day for some body else, though less deserving.

All that admirable Discourse, with that Tendency which the Count had for his Duty towards his King, that honoured him with his good Will, having made upon him such Impressions as it ought to do, he was very much shaken, and pass'd away some Cruel Moments;

ments y he did perceiv^e that that
 Passion, as happy as it cou^d be,
 could not be Truth, but caus^e him
 an eternal Repentance. The Bishop
 was already inform'd of it; and
 others might be so too; and the
 King would not fail at last of know-
 ing it, if he knew it not already.
 In so fair a way of Reflections,
 which caus'd him great perplexi-
 ty, this Note was brought him
 from the Duchess of Ostrag^{er}ivsd.
 So long as your Friendship could
 preserve that Honour which it me-
 rited, I wish'd the Duration of it.
 But since that it only serves as a
 Divertisement to some, be willing
 to let it end. It was too fair not
 to produce Jealousy; and those
 that were so, have at last Tri-
 umph'd. Expect neither Reproa-
 ches nor Complaints from me,
 with the same Liberty I that Per-
 sons come with the same Free-
 dom I let them retire. I neither
 call, nor retain any one: But when
 once

once a Person separates without Cause, the business is done, there is no return. Adieu Count, let us no more see one another, I Conjure you of it ; I might pity you, after what you know, and might bring you into a Confusion ; Adieu, for the last time.

The *Dutchess* had but laught at the Adventure of her Husband ; she was obliged to the Queen, for having so well Reveng'd her, and in having shew'd her what little Concern she had for the *Dukes* Passion: But as to the *Count*, whom she had alwayes considered as a tender Friend, whom she could not think of losing, nothing had touch'd her so sensibly, as to learn that she had lost him ; not but that certain Wayes, which of late she had observ'd in him towards her, with the Reservedness he shew'd in what concern'd the Queen, whereas formerly he did Inform her of all things, ought to have prepared her

her unto all that; but be it that
 we do not easily believe any thing,
 which is disadvantageous to us,
 and that it is easy to flatter our
 selves, she did not believe him
 so unworthy as to turn perfidious.
 What a Vexation is it for a Beau-
 teous Woman, to learn of the Un-
 worthiness of a Man, that leaves
 her, to give himself to another,
 for whom he has expressed a thou-
 sand Sutes? She began to open her
 Eyes, and to see that the loss of the
Count, was the Price of that Friend-
 ship that the *Queen* had shewed her,
 and that she had not been the most
 subtle of the two. These Reflexi-
 ons which produc'd divers others,
 did represent unto her the Wrong
 which was done her, to be a thing
 so cruel, that there was nothing
 she would not do to Revenge her
 self. But as she was a Woman of
 Wit, she would not fly out, judg-
 ing well that all the Noise would
 reflect upon her self. All her
 Cares

Cares were first employ'd in bringing the *Count* back again. She knew his Humour well; and did understand well which way to go about it.

She began by that Letter, which produc'd that Effect which she had promised her self; for the *Count*, who from the day before had taken the Resolution of not seeing her any more, did find himself touch't with a secret Displeasure; so soon as he saw, that she was the first to advise him to it, and that indifferency, which she shew'd in her Letter, did more sensibly touch him, than all the Reproaches that she could have used. He did Sigh! He afflicted himself, and from that time he thought, that he should be the most Unfortunate of all Men, if he should lose the Friendship of a Lady, without whom he could not Live. It is not unlikely, but that the condition in which the Remonstran-

monstrances of the Bishop had
settled his Mind, did much Con-
tribute in making him receive all
those Impressions. But here is
what he Answered to the Dut-
chess.

You would abandon me, Ma-
dam, when I have the most need
of you. I am undone if I see you
no more; I confess that my Weak-
ness would deserve that Punish-
ment: But I am a Man, and you
ought not to be surpriz'd at my
committing of Faults: Though
mine should be inexcusable, you
are oblig'd to forgive it me; for
if you had pleas'd I had been less
Guilty; help me then, to get out
of it, since that I freely confess
it to you. Spare if you please
neither Reproaches nor Chidings.
All Remedies will be sweet to
me, so they serve to bring me
back to my Duty again: All my
Joy, and all my Glory ought to
be limited, in being wholly yours.

This

This Note seem'd to have somewhat settled his Mind; and as if he had already gain'd much over himself, thus to have writ to the *Dutchess*, He thought himself almost free from that dangerous Love which he had for the Queen. But Lovers know themselves very little, and all those Resolutions are but false Revolts, which serve but to re-engage them the more.

This was Evident in the Person of the Count of *Tarnaw*, who notwithstanding all that the Bishop had told him, and all that he had writ to the *Dutchess*, with all his Reflections and great Designs of returning unto his Duty, could not forbear going to the Justing, which was to be perform'd that Day, and there to wear the Queen's fine Scarf.

The *Dutchess* had a great mind not to be there, but the *Queen* found out a means to engage her to it, in sending to her the Prize of
the

the Tilting, which was a Heart of Diamonds, to give to him that should get the Advantage. If she could have guessed that the Count should again win the Prize; doubtless but that she had dispenc'd herself from serving the Queen in that respect; but there being other *Cavaliers* as Brave and as Dextrous as he, and that besides, she would be very glad to see, whether he would wear that Scarf, after that which he had Writ to her, she yeilded unto her Rivals desires.

Never had the Count appeared with such Gallantry, as he did that Day; and his Dexterity as well as good Meen, was admired by all; The King was Charm'd with it, as well as the Queen, who, without the least regard or management, call'd out to every one to have them observe, all that this dear Lover did perform. The *Dutchess* was the only Person that seem'd

seem'd not concern'd at all, and she did appear with so much dullness, as oblig'd two or three times the Queen, to ask her what she Ailed; but her Trouble was very great, seeing that she could not constrain her self.

The Count at last was the Conqueror, and approaching to the *Dutchess*, not without Blushing, to receive the Prize: If you wanted nothing more, said she, with a cold Air, but this Heart to be Contented, you are now very happy; and not staying for his Answer, she turn'd to Count *Topor*, a young handsome Lord, who of late did Visit her with some Assiduity, and who gave her his Hand to lead her home. *Tarnaw* would have stay'd her, but the Queen, whose Eyes were never off of him, call'd him, & finding him dull, she ask'd him, what the *Dutchess* had said, and whether there was an absolute Rupture, or a Reconciliation betwixt

betwixt them? No Madam, here-
 ply'd, it is neither the one nor the
 other, but her Coldness surprizes
 me. Does her Coldness surprize
 you, *Tamara* reply'd that Princess,
 Is it not that you repent already
 your Abandoning of her? The
Count would have justified him-
 self from such a Censure, but she
 gave him not time to Answer;
 and making sign to him to be
 silent; Go, said she, follow your
 own Inclinations, I will have no
 Heart that in the least wavers,
 in giving it self wholly to me.
 Think on it, and give me your
 Answer this very Night. This
 Lover, who did see, that the place
 was not fit for the clearing of such
 a business, did not insist any lon-
 ger for to be heard, and retired to
 put off his Armour.

Never was Man more agitated
 than he, his mishap proceeded
 from being too happy. His Heart
 was too much burdened with two
 the

the most Charming and most perfect Objects on Earth; one of which was capable of satisfying the Ambition, and of pleasing the Desires of the most Ambitious and most Passionate of all Men. But he was to chuse, and he knew not which to leave. In following, purely, Love, he tended towards the Queen; she had such soft and tender Wayes, such a Complaisant winning Ayr, and even sometime such pritty passionate Expressions as Enchanted him. But then to absolutely abandon the *Dutchess*, with whom he had Contracted a kind of Habitude, Tenderness, Society, and Confidence, that was renouncing a world of Pleasures; that was tearing himself, from what there was for him of most sweet and agreeable in this Life. The *Queen* had Chang'd for Love of him, she might well change again for Love of another. There were divers Examples of her In-

constan-

constancy; and he would not flatter himself with being capable of setting Limits to it. The defects of Temper are rarely amended. Unto all these Reasons, those which concern'd his Duty were added, which the Lord Bishop of *Gracovia* had made him too well to understand, to forget them so soon. In fine, he resolv'd to keep the surest side; which was that of the *Dutchess*, and as he had need of her Assistance, to bear that Victory over his own Heart, he was no sooner unarmed, but that he went to her.

Long since he had the Privilege to go in there, with the same Liberty that the Duke himself did use; and after he had inquir'd, if the Lady was there, he went directly to her Chamber, where he found a Gentlewoman at the Door, who told him that there was no going in. That refusal surpriz'd him; he for whom the Doors were there

there alwayes open ; he inquired the Reason, and he was Answered, that my Lady was busy, and that there was some Body with her. He would know who that some Body was: The Gentlewoman, who was Tutor'd thereto, would not tell, or at least would be pressed to it, to render the Mystery more important. He pressed, he intreated, and at last he learn'd, that it was the Count *Topor*. The Count *Topor*? replied he, to himself, alone in a Chamber with the *Dutchess*, where I must not enter? On this he busied himself some time, without any desire that Notice should be given of his being there; he had a desire to see whether that secret Entertainment would last long. He sat down near the Gentlewoman, entertaining her with divers indifferent things, while his mind was another way. But as he grew weary every moment of waiting

so

so long, he rose and sat down a-
 gain at least a dozen times! At
 last Impatience did so seize him,
 that he desired the Gentlewoman
 to go ask her Mistress, whether
 he might not Entertain her a mo-
 ment. She made some kind of
 difficulty, on the Orders which
 she had received from the *Duchess*,
 but at last she seemed to be per-
 swaded through his Importunities,
 and return'd to tell him for an-
 swer, That the *Duchess* did desire
 him to excuse her, and that she
 could not see him, till the Count
Topor was gone. This second Re-
 fusall more Cruel yet than the for-
 mer, quite breaking the Heart of
 Count *Tarnan*; He arose in good
 earnest, and yielding unto the
 spirit which the Jealousy and the
 Shame of such an Affront did in-
 spire him with; He told the Gen-
 tlewoman she might tell her Lady,
 That he would not expose him-
 self a second time to be so ill re-
 ceiv'd

ceiv'd; with that he went away, and left one of his Lacquais at the Door to keep Centry, and to give him an account when Count *Topor* should go forth.

The Truth of the Story was, That there was no body with the *Dutchess*; and that this *Dutchess* having perceiv'd the *Count* coming by a Window, had shut her self up in her Chamber, and had order'd her Woman to make all that Sport, who was very Dextrous at such things, and her great Confident. She had thus gratified her little Ambition, and had taken extream Delight in hearing her Woman relate all the earnest Desires, the Uneasiness, Frettings, and Distrusts which she had caus'd the *Count* to Suffer. But however, she had been very glad to have spoken to him; and feared lest she might have driven her Resentment too far; which gave her some Disturbance all that Night.

The

The Count was returning home, prepossessed with a thousand Vexations that troubled him; when one of his Servants, who was going to the *Dutchess* for him, told him, That the *Queen* had sent three or four times, to know if he were at home. This Advice having put new thoughts into his Head, did make him take the Resolution of going, that he might Consolate himself, near the *Queen*, of the *Dutchesses* Scornes. So he directed his Steps towards the Castle: He came to that Princess's Apartment; where he was told, that the Bishop of *Cracovia* was with her; an ill Conjunction for him; he thinks it fit to wait his going out, that he might avoid another Lecture; and passing on the other side of the Apartment, he enter'd into a Gallery, where but few Persons resorted, because that it answered unto the *Queen's* Closet. He thought at his coming there,

there, that he heard the Voice of the Bishop. It was very dark, there was no light in the Gallery, and he thought that he might boldly approach to the Door whence the Noise came. He heard that there was some Discourse of him; his Curiosity redoubled; he lends an Ear unto the Key-hole, and he distinguishes the Queen's Voice: *Tarnav*, said she, is a Villain, if he has said this; but for your own quiet I advise you not to believe any thing of it. I shall not believe any thing of it, Madam, reply'd the Bishop, if that for to Punish him, you see him no more. I see him? reply'd the Queen: If I do so, it shall be to Treat him as the meanest of Men. Be more favourable to him Madam, reply'd the Prelate, and see him not at all: If you please, added he, I shall let him know your Mind. The Queen answered not presently, but after some few Moments

midst of Reflections, the King
 that she consented to it. Upon
 which the Bishop, who thought
 that he had obtained all that he
 could wish for, took leave of the
 Queen, and went out through the
 door of that Gallery, with such
 precipitation, that he had like to
 have surpris'd the gover-
 nours of the other Door, and
 that he had no time to
 give any Surprisel
 equal to that of this Lover, to hear
 the good services which his dear
 Kinsman rendered him. He could
 not guess what Cause he had, to
 use him so attachtously. There
 was not the least Noise imagina-
 ble at Court; that he had any A-
 morous Designs towards the
 Queen; and but little likelihood that
 so prudent a Person as He, and
 of his Character, should be guilty
 of that Folly, which he condemn'd
 in others for Ambition. All other
 thoughts but that would have
 come into *Truman's* mind. He had

but just time enough to retire himself: and 'twas well for him that the honest Prelate came out without a Light. He let him pass by with a design to follow him soon; but Fortune who was preparing more new Adventures for him that Night, would have it that the Bishop going out of the Gallery, drew the other Door after him; so that the Court found himself locked up on all sides, not knowing which way to stir forth.

This last Trouble was almost the height of his Despair; He would not, for half his life, have been found alone in that place, especially at that hour: That might have drawn divers ill Consequences, or at least divers Rallies, which had made sport at Court, if it had been known, that he had been obliged to pass all the Night long there; and his Vexation as well as his Despair, did increase in oft as he reflected on the Impossibility

that there was of getting off, with
 some Original Assistance. On the
 Queens side, though he had a pa-
 lace, it was the hour that the
 King used to be with her, and
 there would be too much danger
 to meet him there, after what
 was already discourd abroad.
 The other door was of proof a-
 gainst all his strength, and in
 making any noise, he run the
 danger of being heard from the
 Kings side; The Windowes were
 too high; to get off that way,
 would endanger his life. In fine
 there was nothing to be done, but
 to wait with patience the com-
 ing of the Day. A cruel Choice
 indeed, for a man, that had al-
 ready so many other Troubles to
 wipe off, without the need, of
 passing a whole night in such a
 kind of Function.

As he was admiring on this the
 Rigour of his Fate, that all that
 day long had brought him from

one Crossenefs to another, the door was open'd on the *Queen's* side; and the King came out followed by that Princess. Happily for the Count, one of the great Pictures of the Gallery, that wanted something to be mended, was set down, behind which he had leisure to hide himself.

It was *Sigismund's* Custom every night in Summer, to take some turns in that Gallery, before he went to bed, & the *Queen* would sometimes keep him Company. She was then entertaining of him, with the Amourous stories of her Selects; of which she told him divers as much to divert him, as to gain the more Confidence from him. What would you say Sir, said She, if that the Bishop of *Cracovia* is in love with me also? I should say, replied the King, that he could not be so with a more Beautiful Woman; but I believe him too wise; and you would

would have much to do to per-
swade me to it. I assure you
that he is so, replied the Queen,
even to that height as to become
jealous of all that come near me:
The first Declaration of Love that
he ever made me, continued she,
was in his *Mass Book*: where he
told me, that he would shew me
the greatest Devotion he had:
Which consisted in five or six
Cats of my Picture, all which
represented me in divers postures
of Saints, and he at my Feet. Of
which I never did laugh so much
in all my life, for never any of my
Lovers had ever deviled to make
Love to me after such a Pious
manner.

Stephens, who was a good
humour, could not forbear laughing
also; but he thought that it was
only a jesting story, or that at least
the Queen liked it to her own
humour. I swear unto you, ad-
ded she, that he is jealous of Ter-

and that he will not have me to see him. But, *Madam*, said the King, in way of Admonition, Do not you your self give way unto such Insolences? You have such sorts of kind wayes and manners, continued this Prince, which in *Italy* would be nothing, but that in such a Country as this, cause divers things to be thought and said, more than there is. A little more Moderation, in all those Outward things, continued he, would not ill become you. What, must I then reform my self, replied the *Queen*, for my Lord Bishop's sake? No *Madam*, replied the King, but for your Own sake. I must have some time allow'd me, Sir, said the *Queen*, as has my self unto the Customes of the Country, and I cannot warrant you, that I can ever become so Barbarous, and to take no longer any delight in Life, or in Humane Society, as I see divers do here.

The

The King, to whom this answer did not please, changed the Theme; and after some Turnes more in the Gallery, they retir'd.

This Adventure, which was for *Tower* a Scene, in which he did see a Picture of the *Queens* Natural humour drawn to the life, who would easily sacrifice that she had favoured, did give him much cause of musing on her Person, all the rest of that Night. The Incomparable *Shakespeare*, with his Declaration was not forgot; but above all he did admire the Kings Patience, who had so much Indulgency for the *Queens* little Gallies. It is true, that this Prince had already declared to his account, unto some considerable givers of Advice, that if he was to have punished or exiled all those, of whom the *Queen* had given him cause of Complaint, his Court would be

in a short time quite deserted.

This Impunity however, nor the Kings Clemency, did not give the *Count* any desire, to engage any farther with the Queen; on the contrary, the more this Prince was Indulgent, the more Horror had he of his Crime. Besides, that this night he was very much out of humour with Love, through all those Accidents which had happen'd unto him, and of which he was not yet quite rid. Never had any night seemed so long and tedious to him. At last Day came; and one of the Kings Bed-chamber, having some business that way, came luckily to open the door, while he was behind that Picture.

Never Man, that was condemn'd to a perpetual Prison, could go with more joy, out of his Bonds, then he did out of that Place: So soon as he was returned home, he enquired after the Lacquay which he had left at the Dutch-
 esse's

else's door; he was answered that
 he was still in Company on which his
 Perplexity did redouble. He could
 not believe, that Count Tovar had
 passed the night so fortunately.
 The Duchesse was a woman of
 great Circumpection. And this
 young Count could at most serve
 her, but for Divertissement. His
 coming to the Duchesse was
 to learn Manners, for it was a
 real School for that; she did tell
 him her Son, not but that she
 was too Young to have any of
 the age, but through a Kindness,
 which could not go far. Yet beau-
 teous and well-made as he was,
 there had been some Talk about it
 with any other Person, than the
 Duchesse, who had had the good
 sense of being so Gallant, with-
 out the least suspicion of Gallan-
 ting.

The Count of Tarnay, impati-
 ent to know the Truth of this,
 sent to his Man, to learn some

news; Word was brought him
back; after all that night no Per-
son of Note had stirred forth of
the Dutcheffe's: This put him into
greater perplexities then ever.
He changes his Cloathes, and fol-
lowed but with one single Ser-
vant, he designed to surprize the
Dutcheffe. When that he saw come
into his Chamber the Bishop of
Cremona, for a while he
made him
very cold. I see, dear Cousin,
said the Prelate, that I came at
an ill time, and that you are not
up so early in the Morning, but
upon some great designs; but
you know to what Persons of
my profession are obliged; and
moreover that we are to obey
our Masters Orders. I bring
you the News, continued he,
which will not be very agreeable
to you. What? interrupted the
Count hastily, not being desirous to
have any long discourse with him.

[illegible]

Shop said, replied, in such a seri-
 ous manner, as would confound
 any man, That he knew well of
 what nature, the Obligation he ow-
 ed him, in this rencounter was,
 and that he might tell the Queen
 that he would obey her Orders,
 as she desired. You speak with
 such an Ayr, replied the Bi-
 shop, it seems as if I disobliged
 you. Once more, I am perfectly
 instructed, replied the Count, of all
 your Bountyes; and in time and
 place. I shall thank you for them.
 Can you suspect me? interrupted
 the Prelate. Not at all, replied
 I say, but I think that I should
 not have over much cause of com-
 fiding in a man, that should ac-
 cuse me falsely to the Queen. Who
 could accuse you, replied the Bi-
 shop, blushing. Have you some
 Rivals that can be so much con-
 cerned at your good Fortune?
 The Count, who began to be
 weary of hearing his false Reason-
 ing;

Yes, I have some, sayd he to
 him narrowly, and that should need
 do with any thing else than Gallan-
 ting. This does not concern
 me, said the good Prelate, in great
 wonder I know not whether
 this concerns you or not, reply-
 ed the Count. But I know well
 that the King is informed, that
 some man of your Character,
 has found out the way of making
 a reputation of Love upon the
 Count in his Ma's Book. The
 Count being not being able to
 leave the clearing of a thing which
 had him with Confusion, and
 was making an hasty leave of the
 Count. Farwell said he, you may
 see proofs of my Advices, if you
 please: but whencesoever they
 come, time will let you know that
 you stand in need of them, as much
 as ever. The Count, who thought
 he had told him enough, did let
 him go to go himself about other
 business, and to execute the de-
 sign.

ign which he had in his Heart,
as well as in his mind.

He went forth with that Ser-
vant, and wholly taken up with
his Distrusts, he took the direct
way to the Dutchesses Palace, to-
wards which he was no sooner
come, but that he saw a man
come forth, which was something
near the Court of Popers pitch; and
who under a disguise, did endeavour
to hide his face with a kind of Robe
or Cloak, which was then worn.
He follows him, accosts him, and
speaks to him. He presses him to
discover himself, telling him, that it
was to no purpose to hide him-
self, that he knew him, and that
he was sure, he was the Court
Popper. The other said not a
word, goes on his way still, with
as quick a Pace as he could, and
let him talk on. He who would
be fully informed of the business,
feeling that there was no likelihood
of being satisfied that way, looses his
patience,

friends, speaks with a more loud &
 threatening voice, of falling on the
 unknown person, whom he is ab-
 solutely resolved to know: but
 heaving in Silence, and the other
 saw, to have no Advantage over
 him, he, for him back. After
 which, renewing the Assault, You
 the happy Lover of the *Darlings*
 dressed, find him to him, you shall
 be deceiv'd me, I am single, as
 will be found find for the Fiddle
 you give me, you must make me
 Sinner in all your adventure, or
 we must cut one anothers throats.
 has got into this house, continued
 yet being then just before a Mer-
 cants door, which he knew ve-
 ry well, and there we shall take
 measure, more at leisure, to find
 them out one way or other. This
 unknown person, having made no
 difficulty to follow him, *Farm*
 at last for a Chamber, where be-
 ing locked in with his pretended
 lady, Come it is time to leave
 this)

off his Cloak and speak clearly: said he, for there are but us two here. The pretended Count of Toper, sitting in a Chair, still muffled in his Cloak, did neither answer or move: When the impatient and furious Tarnan, coming near him took the end of his Cloak, and did pull it with such a force, that taking it from him, he failed but little of throwing him down Chair and all. The stress he made, and his Fury did hinder him at first from seeing with whom he had to do; but having laid his hand on the hilt of his Sword, to be in readiness, in case the other should require Satisfaction, he cast his eyes on him, and perceived that it was the Dutchess. What an amazement was his! Never was man more confounded. He no sooner was come to himself again, but casting himself at the Ladies feet, Is it possible it should be you, *Madam*? said he, No (with

(with a voice which sufficiently
 shew'd the Trouble which he had
 for that Error he had committed)
 How will you forgive me for such
 a Violence? Yes Count, I forgive
 you, replied the *Duchess*, frank-
 ly; and I confess to you more-
 over, continued she, causing him
 to rise, that you never did any
 thing in your life, or that has
 pleas'd me so much as this; for
 by this I know that you have
 had some Kindness for me, and
 that the *Queen's* Charms have not
 wholly driven me out of your
 heart. Say rather, *Madam* replied
 the *Count*, That that Princess's
 Charms have not so much dazzled
 me, but that I acknowledge my
 fault; I had begg'd your pardon
 yesterday for it, continued he, if
 you had not been so cruel as to
 refuse hearing me, for a young
 Gentle like, with whom you were
 doubtless comforting your self, of
 the sake of me. The *Duchess*
 laughing

laughing, confessed to him that little piece of Malice ; and told him the Sorrow which she had received by it afterwards, and that in the Trouble that it had put her all the night long, she had disguised her self, as he then saw her, to go seek him at his own House, and make up some kind of Accomodation. *Tarnaw*, abandoning himself unto transports of Joy, and of Thanksgiving, for the *Datcheffes* Kindness, he told her all that his heart could conceive of most tender.

This Conversation, on which it is not necessary that I should extend any further, had in fine such Pleasures and Delights, that none but very passionate persons can be capable of conceiving : But in another place, there was at that time such things preparing, as would prevent them from enjoying long their mutual Happiness.

The Lord Bishop of *Cracow*,
al-

alwayes in readinesse, and ever
 more Curious, had not fail'd at his
 going from the Count of Tarnay
 to leave one of his Servants be-
 hind to watch him. The Equi-
 page in which he had found him
 so early, the Trouble which he
 had seen on his face, and all that
 he had said to him, more than all
 the rest, had rais'd divers Chimeras
 in his head, and he would gladly
 have known, what was his De-
 sign; if it concerned not the
 Count, who had taken the pains
 to get things by advertising
 this Lover of all that he
 had to say to him from her. This
 Servant was subtle, and twice Man-
 and was therefore an entire Con-
 fident, so that this had no great
 trouble in informing himself of
 what he would know. He learned
 that the Count of Tarnay
 had some people with the Count
 of Tarnay, and that he was to seek
 for him at the *Duchess of Orléans*.
 He

He saw them whisper together in the Street, and had follow'd them to the Merchants door, where he left them, to go give his Master a just account of it, who failed not of rendring himself immediately at Court, and of informing the King that there was a Quarrel betwixt the two Counts, on the account of the *Dutchess of Ostrog*. The King, who loved *Tannaw* exceedingly, and who did very much consider the Family of the other (which was one of the most Ancient and most illustrious of the Kingdom) did presently give order to prevent this mischief; and the Lord Bishop of *Cracovia*, being the man, which he thought the most proper to be employed in such a business, he sent him, with a Captain of his Guards, and some Musqueteers, to arrest them both in the Kings Name. The Lord Bishop did take upon him with delight this Commission, and They all go to

together to this Merchants house, and without any noise, that they might not fail of their Aim, the Prelate gets all alone up to the Chamber, where he had been told those Gentlemen were: he knocks, without saying a word: the door is opened, and he finds the Count Tarnaw, in conference with the other Cavalier, who were doubtless very much startled to see him. You see, sayes the Bishop to Tarnaw, who was the first that he met with, how I am appointed all this day to trouble you; but I do acquit myself more willingly of this Commission, then of that in the Morning. I come to arrest you both in the Kings Name. To arrest us, replied the Count, more surpris'd then ever, and the Reason, I pray you? Of reason, replied the Bishop, you know there is sufficiency. Deliver both your Swords, continued he, and give me

me your Word, that you will not stir from hence, till all things be adjusted, or I will cause the Captain of the Guards which the King has sent, with twelve Musqueteers, to come up. The Count, who could not comprehend any thing in all that, fearing least it should be some design of the Queens on the Dutchess; Or that the Bishop would revenge himself, for what he had said to him in the Morning; he took him aside, and desired him not to reduce things to the last extremity; that there was no need for him to deliver his Sword, because that he had no quarrel; that he should send back the Captain with the Souldiers, and let him retire home with his Companion, who would be oblig'd to him for it. The Bishop answered, that it was the Kings Order, and that he was troubled to see him receive so ill all that came from him, and that
 he

indeed taken that Commission
 was him; but however, he do-
 ing his Duty, it was his to obey.
 Lacey, replied, *Treason*, with an
 angry voice, to an Order which
 has been given, but to insult over
 me; here is, continued he, laying
 his hand on his Sword, that
 which shall give by Force, what
 you refuse me; and in spite of
 you, of your Captain, and Mus-
 queeters, I will retire home with
 this Cavalier. The Bishop, though
 of a bold Spirit, knowing the
 Counts Valour, thought that it
 was time to call the Men up, and
 did call them; Upon which the
 Count taking him by the hand,
 told him, shewing him the Dut-
 chess, who had not discovered
 her self yet, That seeing he carry-
 ed things to that extremity, he
 should give him an account of
 all that should happen to that
 Person, which he was willing to
 leave in his Custody. And pre-
 sently

rently drawing his Sword, he met the Captain whom he found upon the Staires, and bid him to retire or that he would run his Sword through him. The Captain answered him, that he had no order to offer him any Violence; but only to Arrest him. You have sufficiently done your Duty, replied the Count; return to the King; and tell him that within this hour I will be at the Castle, I give you my Word for it. The Officer, who thought that the Word of such a Person; as was Count Tarnaw, was sufficient, whom he would not disoblige, retired with his men below Stairs, there to wait for the Bishops orders.

This Illustrious Prelate, was in a pleasant Surprisal, when the Count came again into the Chamber. The Dutchesse, who did foresee that all the Consequences of this business would fall upon her; thought it would be the best way to suppress

just as well as she could. She
 had drawn near to the Bishop,
 while the *Count* was speaking to
 the Captain, and making her self
 known, she had not had any occasion
 for many words, to perswade him
 to what she desired. He was
 so surpris'd at the sight of her, that
 she could not forbear laughing at
 it, notwithstanding all the Disorder
 she was in. The Bishop was not
 yet perfectly come to himself a-
 gain, when the *Count* returned to
 them. The *Prelate* asked pardon
 of them both, but especially of
 the *Dutchess*: He informed them
 of the Mistake, which had produced
 such an Order from the King, & how
 the Noise had been spread abroad
 that *Count Tarnaw* had some quar-
 rel with *Count Fopor*, and that they
 had been met in the Street going to
 fight. The two Persons concern'd,
 not knowing that it was to the
 Bishop they were oblig'd for all
 this Bustle, all the business was turn'd
 F into

into Rallery; and *Tarnaw* made some Excuses to the Bishop, for his Rashness towards him. They stood in need of him, that he might manage the *Dutchesses* Reputation in this business: She was not wanting in Care and Ingenuity to recommend it to him. He was concerned in it, as well as they; for he had had his share of the Rallery, if it should be known, that he was the mistaken Person, who had first carryed the news of it to Court. But he could not dispence himself from relating the thing as it was to the King, and the King could not fail of confiding it to the *Queen*, as of truth it happened.

Mean time the Bishop, being retired, with his Followers, the *Count* reconducted the *Dutchess* home, and after that, retired to his own House, where he found one of the *Queens* Pages, who had been waiting for him above an hour, with this Note.

I am still expecting the account of
 the resolution. You have taken
 the things so equal, that it merits
 such long Consideration. You caused
 a great deal of trouble yesterday to
 persons to find you out. Where were
 you? You doubtless stood in need of
 Counsel, and You were gone for it.
 How weak you are? You move pity
 in me, my poor Tarnaw! Be with
 me at ten; I have something of greater
 moment to impart. Peradventure
 that the Bishop of Cracovia may
 have given You some Orders from
 me; They would be sufficiently Just;
 But I must see You once more, to
 know what's to be done with you.

He had scarce finished the read-
 ing of that Note, when another
 Page brought him this.

There is a Noise abroad, that
 You have some quarrel with the
 Count Topor, & that the Dutchess of
 Ostrog,

Ostrog, is the cause of it. To believe this, I must have other Witnesses than the common Report. Is your blood no dearer to You? You deserve not that one should take care of it. I forbid You however to fight, for any body soever, and I charge You to come with the soonest to give me an account Your self of that difference. You know what You owe me; fear the effects of my Indignation.

The Count having read this last Note also, told the Page, that he would go himself, to carry the Answer to the Queen, and that he would be with her in a quarter of an hours time.

He saw the necessity there was for him to go to the Castle both to lay the Noise of this pretended Combat, and to prevent by his presence, the raising of new stories; as of truth there were many of divers sorts spread abroad already.

The

The King, having learn'd the whole story from the Bishop, was pleas'd with Laughing at it, and to say, That he had never seen any honest Woman have so much Gallantry as the *Dutchess* of *Ostrog* had: And presently going to the Queens Apartment, he fail'd not to give her a fine relation of all that Adventure. If *Tarnaw* had not been concern'd, she had doubtless been pleas'd with it; but she had too great a Share in this, to laugh at it as much as the thing deserved. The Satisfaction she had in it was, to tell it to every body, because in so doing she knew the Wrong and Spight, which she should do the *Dutchess*. So that it presently became publick; to which every one added Circumstances according to his own fancy; for no body did know the true Cause of the *Dutchesses* Disguise; nor what was the Count of *Tarnaw*'s design, when he had risen

risen so early in the Morning, to conduct her to the Merchants; he that could see her day and night at her own House. It was easy to perceive, that there was some Mystery in the business; and that was the Mystery, which gave occasion for all those discourses, in which the Bishop had his share.

Tarnaw having rendered himself at the Castle, the first that he found there was Count Topor, who coming up to him, with a smiling Countenance, said, That more honour had been done him that day, than he merited, in being thought capable of giving any jealousy to such a man as he, and bold enough to measure his Sword with him. Count Tarnaw embracing him, answered with the like Ayr, That he had no desire to have a Love-quarrel with a Young Cavalier so well made as he, but if that by ill fortune, there should ever be any such thing, on the Datchesses account, He

He threatened him that she might
 decide the Difference. Ending these
 words he left him, and passed into
 the Queens Apartment, where the
 who was wont to convey him
 into her Chamber, came to tell
 him, that he could not see her for
 divers Reasons. The Count, who was
 going to render this visit, as a Crimi-
 nal would appear before his Judges,
 without inquiring into the Reasons,
 nor making any further Instances
 to be admitted, in that he came
 upon the Queens immediate Order,
 he only bowed to the Lady, and
 returned home; whence he stirred
 not all the rest of the day, having
 need of some little Rest, after the
 night that he had passed.

Mean time the Noise of this bu-
 siness, that had passed from the
 Court to the City, was gone from
 thence to the Country also, and
 at last unto the Duke of Ostrogs
 Ears. The News surpris'd him;
 he became upon it very melanco-
 lick.

Sick and fretful. He did perceive
 that the *Dutchess* had not carryed
 her Revenge very long; and if this
 was the first Folly that she had
 committed, her temper had had
 need of her Vertue, to be wise.
 Nevertheless, having his mind
 wholly taken up with the Queens
 cruelties towards him, the Joy which
 he had at her share in this business
 did comfort him as to all the rest;
 and I believe that he would not
 have been no Cuckold, considering
 the Satisfaction he received, from
 that blinded Princess being deceiv-
 ed by a man, who so little deserved
 to be preferred before him. He came
 to Town again, at least to triumph
 on the Queens Account, though
 he was a Looser on that of his
 Wifes. He appeared very angry
 at first against the *Dutchess*; with
 biting Galleries, harsh Usage, and
 severe Rebukes. The *Dutchess*
 took it patiently; and did endea-
 vour to justify the Righteousness
 of

of her Intentions; but finding that the Duke continued treating of her ill, she flew out as well as he; and began to reproach him: As if it became him, whose manifest Treachery was not to be regarded, to insult over a Woman, whom mere Chance, and bare Appearances could render guilty before men. So that things being almost equal on both sides, there was mention made of an Accomodation, and the Principal Article was; That for the mutual Union, the Duke should renounce all the Queens Gallantry, and should no more see her in private; And that the Dutchess should do the same with Count Tarnaw. I believe that at that present their Intentions might be good; But in matters of Love there is no forbearing of any thing. Swear, not to see any more that which one Loves? is an Oath, which even gives a mind to do it; and but too many of those Perjured Persons are daily seen.

The *Queen* was startled at the *Counts* Indifferency. She thought that the Refusal, which he had met with at the Chamber door, would have whetted the more his desires of seeing her; that he would return to the Charge again; that he would employ some of his Friends towards her; or at least that he would write to her to justify himself, or to beg her pardon; but she saw none of all this; and the whole day past away without hearing any thing from him. Her Soul was more moved at this Indifferency, than at all that had passed besides; and she did call this the height of Perfidiousness. She could not forbear the next day from sending to him; but he was gone out very Early on hunting. It was an Exercise that the *Count* lov'd very much, but he had not taken that pretence, but to be some days out of Town, on a Letter

ter which the Dutchess had writ to
to him, as follows.

THE War has not lasted long;
but last Peace is concluded; But
on such conditions, as are difficult to
keep on both sides, as we both have
been ready to promise them: Which
is, That we absolutely renounce all
that which had caus'd our Dis-uni-
on. That is to say, in my sense,
all that is most Charming in the
world, which is the pleasure of seeing
that which one Loves. I require but
three dayes absence from you, to bring
some *Ex* Composition, who will be
oblig'd, at last, to agree to all that
shall be required. I would only have
the satisfaction of not being the first
in Breaking of the Treaty. Let me
know where you will bee, and let me
hear from you at least twice a day.

The Queen could not digest her
Anger for the Counts proceedings
so contrary to her desires. She
fell into an extreem Trouble
of mind upon it; But her Reson-
ment

ment was still more bent on the *Dutchess*, than on that Lover. She considered her as the only Cause of all the Crosses that she had met with, since her coming into that Kingdom, and she was resolved to be revenged, at what rate soever.

She knew that the *Duke* was returned from the Country, and that the King had sent for him; so that she gave order, that when he should come to Court, he should be told that she would speak with him. *Sigismund*, who knew as well as the rest of the Kingdom, that the *Duke of Ostrog*, was a man of Courage, and of Capacity to let fly his Resentments far and near, in respect of what had passed betwixt *Count Tarnaw* and his Wife: he thought that in Prudence he ought to prevent the Consequences; not doubting but that all his Court would take parties with those two Lords, whereby great disorders might follow. He learn'd that

that the Duke was return'd to the City; & he easily imagin'd that it was to that purpose. He sent him word that he would speak with him. But the whole Court was very busy, how this matter should be made up; and in truth those of this nature are very difficult to be reconciled. The Duke went to the Castle, and finding that persons were very much concern'd, especially the King, in finding out of Terms, and Reasons, wherewith to make him bear the better the new Title with which his Wife had honoured him; He anticipated all that could be said to him. What need is there of disguising to me the matter, I know that if I am not a Cuckold before Heaven, I am so before men; but I know also, that we must fit ourselves to the Custom of divers ages, and to console my self of my affliction, I have but too many examples before my Eyes. I say
not

not at *Count Tarnaws* life; all his Blood would not make the *Dutchess* the honestest Woman; and should my Honour depend on that only, I well see that there would be no Return of it: All that I can do is, to wait till he be Married, to render him the Change. The business being thus turn'd into Rallery, the King was over-joy'd to see him take that Course, which he did second with divers solid reasons, giving a great deal of Praise unto the Dukes Conduct. That Action was after that as an happy Plank for all those that found themselves in the number of the betrayed Husbands; there being nothing indeed more ridiculous in the World, than to cast ones self away for being dishonoured by a Woman. Give me those Wise and Prudent Persons, as was the Duke, who on all other accounts, was an Example of Valour, as well as of Cuckoldship here.

He

[III]

He going from the King, a Gentleman brought him the order from the Queen. He presently thought of the promise which he had made the *Dutchess*; but he was to obey, or rather, he was to yield unto that *Byass*, which carried him that way. He did appear so constrained, and so perplexed at the sight of that Princess, that she could not restrain from Laughing; and letting her self go unto her usual Humour, which was free, and full of Gayety: Well my Lord Duke, said she, have you not a very honest Wife, and is not *Tarnant* an undoubted Friend? Friendship, Madam, said he, is Subject unto such Treacheries; but the *Court* is yet more guilty in point of Love; he will be sooner pardoned for having betrayed a Friend, continu'd he, then the fairest Princess in the World. The Queen answered him Coldly, That she did take no further care of that business, than

so

so much as would make her Sport.
 If I was concern'd in it, continu'd
 she, I should think the Persons
 sufficiently punished with the Con-
 fusion it hath brought upon them.
 But how have you resent'd the
 business? And how do you carry
 your self towards *Tarnan*? The
 Duke gave her to understand, that
 he was not a man that would take
 so much to heart, a business of
 which he was not the Master; that
 which way so ever it had come to
 pass, he thought that it fell to his
 Wifes share, to take upon her all
 the Blame of the adventure, seeing
 that it was she that had committed
 the Fault: That as to the *Count*, he
 expected from Time and Oppor-
 tunity some means to revenge him-
 self, like a man of Honour, but not
 as a declared Enemy. The
 Queen having said some pleasant
 things on his Maximes which she
 well approv'd of; the Duke re-
 plyed, That he had Copied them
out

out of the Practice of the greatest men in Antiquity; and that he did not use, in things of Consequence, to regulate himself by the common Opinion. The Queen, who was desirous to fall upon that which did concern her self the most, reply'd, That all that was very well; but that howsoever it was probable, he would not permit *Tarham* to continue having the same Affiduities with the *Duchess*. Why not? Madam, replied the Duke, who presently perceived, that this was that thing the Queen did wish for. The mischief is already done, continu'd he, and it would be a great Folly in me to be so cautious, where there is no Remedy. That should have been done in time and season. What would you endure, said the Queen, with some trouble, — I shall not only endure, said he interrupting her, that he should do as he has formerly done, but

I will go instantly from hence to
 seek him, and intreat him so to
 do. That is to be very Complai-
 sant, replied she, and this may ve-
 ry well be called, to be a Com-
 modious Man. But to let you
 see, continued she, the little Con-
 cern I take in it: Know that I am
 pleased at your going to see the
Count; and I do Order you, at
 the same time to bring him here
 to me. You may think it may
 be, that I have a mind he should
 ask me Pardon, continued she, and
 that we should be reconciled.
 Your example might be followed,
 and peradventure that I should not
 find it difficult to imitate you, if
 I had no other cause of Com-
 plaint against him; but know that
 he has offended me by a more sen-
 sible way, than that the of *Dutchels*;
 and that it is three dayes since I
 have given Order unto the Bishop
 of *Cracovia*, to tell him from me,
 that he should never more ap-
 pear

near before my presence. The Duke both surpris'd and rejoyced at this news, asked the Queen, if it were possible that the Count should give her any cause of treating him so ill? Yes, replied she, and were it not for the Noise that it might make in the World, I had spoken of it to the King. But I cannot better punish him, continued she, than in confounding of him before you, and in reproaching his Unworthiness my self in person. As this proposition the Duke was in his Dumps, and could have wish'd that the Queen had persisted in her first Resolution; or at least that she had charg'd some other with that Commission. But there was no way to avoyd it; she would absolutely have it, that it should be him that should bring to her the Count, and that he should be Witness, after what manner she would treat him. The Duke was too clear-sighted, and did

did know the Queen too well, to fall into that Trap. But that Princesses Charms did so dazle him, that if his life had been at stake, he could not refuse what she required of him. This is cruel, *Madam*, said he, thus to exact from my obedience so hard a Task: I shall do it however, continued he, seeing that you command it. But the Repentance of it may cost me my Life. Upon this he took leave of the *Queen*, who promised him, to set this Constraint, which he did to himself for her sake, upon account.

Count *Tepor*, very proud of the Honour that this noise had done him, of being in love with the *Dutchess*, had a mind to become so in good earnest: He undertook to visit her more frequently then before. But knowing that a Passion according to Form, ought to begin by a Declaration, he was divers dayes in meditating one which

which might please his Mistress. They were fine words which he composed, afterwards writ, but which he did blot out as often as he writ them; and when he was resolved, and had agreed upon those which he would use, he had forgot all again so soon as he came before the *Dutchess*; so that he was forced to stand to those which the Publick had made for him.

The *Dutchess* could easily perceive a change both in the Humour and Manners of the Count. She might have guessed at his design; and at some other time she might have diverted her self with it. But at that time she was not capable of any Pleasure; and her mind wholly taken up with *Tarnaws* concerns, could not find time to examine the bashful sighs of Young *Tapor*. He kept her Company. He had a graceful sweet Disposition, which in that seat that her soul was in then, did better please her,

her, than all the Entertainments of the most refined Wits, that daily visited her. But that which made her the more to consider him, was, that he had been very useful to her, in recalling back the wavering Constancy of weak *Tarnaw*; and that he might yet serve her in other designs.

The Count *Topor*, had a good Access with the Queen; not so far as to be in the Number of the Selected, which did take up all the cares and pleasures of that Princess: For she would have none but such men as were ready perfected, and not such as were yet to be modelled: And those of Count *Topors* age, she would send to the Dutches, as to the School of Tender-ness; but all that had the appearance of a well-made and accomplished man, had access in her Apartment. And therefore *Topor* might pretend to a good Reception there. For he was a very beautiful

beautiful Youth; and nothing was more regular than his Person.

The *Dutchess*, that went no longer to Court, thought that she could not find a man more fit than that Young *Count*, by whom to be informed of all the proceedings of her Husband towards the Queen, and that in that disposition of heart, which he had for her, he would embrace with Zeal that occasion of serving her. As of truth she had no sooner proposed the business to him, but he promised to have an Eye on all the actions of the Duke, and that there should pass nothing in any thing that she had a desire to know, but he would give her a most faithful Account of it. The Young *Count* was quick-witted, and very dextrous; and that Commission futing with his Genius, there was no fear, that any thing should escape his Diligence.

The Duke had no sooner been with the Queen, but that the *Dutchess*

chess was informed by her young Spye, of that Visit, and of the long Conference which he had had with that Princess; and that presently after he had taken Horse, to go seek the Count of Tarnaw. These news did much alarum the *Dutchess*; she feared it should be some design of a Combat; though she had been told, that the King had taken care to prevent that mischief. But for the Duke at his going from the Queen, who could not but be vexed against Tarnaw, to immediately go to seek him! that could not but foretel Evil. In the trouble which that caused her, she was a thousand times on the point of running her self after the Duke; when at last this Note was brought to her.

I Have newly received a visit from the Duke. And you may imagine how great was my Surprisal; But that which will amaze you more, will be to learn, that he is come here, to bring

bring me to the Queen. I obey, but
 fear you nothing; for this is but an
 ill way to my heart; and at my com-
 ing from thence, I am more yours
 than ever.

Tarnaw.

This Note instead of compos-
 ing her mind, did cast her into a
 thousand times more terrible Per-
 plexities. She had almost rather
 that the Duke and Count had
 fought, than to hear of that ten-
 der Combat which was going to
 be betwixt her Lover, and her
 Rival. She could not forgive the
 Count, for exposing himself to it.
 It was as to her an absolute Treache-
 ry; and whatever should happen
 of it, she was resolved to renounce
 for ever, all that Tenderneſs
 which ſhe had for him. To which
 did follow ſuch Impatiencies and
 Vexations, as none but a woman
 can well conceive.

It is confessed, that the *Count* might very well have defended himself, from obeying an Order, which was not delivered to him, with that Authority, as did speak, that the Queen would necessarily have it obey'd. The Duke was too much Interested to acquit himself of his Commission with Candor. But a Queen, who did send his very Rival to see after him; a Queen so Charming as that was, had not need to make use of an absolute Authority. There was a kind of Ambition in obeying her, such as could not easily be passed by, by such a Person as was *Count Tarnaw*. Not but that he did hope, in spite of all the dangers he was to run through, to preserve his heart wholly for the Dutchess, as he had writ to her; but there was too much Presumption in the very writing of it. That heart had once already yielded it self, and was not grown stronger since that time. He

He came then into the Queens
 Presence, who excellently well act-
 ed the part of an offended Princess.
 The Duke would have withdrawn,
 but she stay'd him to be Specta-
 tor of the scene, as she had pro-
 mised him. There was nothing but
 Sights and Scorns, and even Inju-
 ries, for the *Count*; who well
 knew that he but too well de-
 serv'd them, both in respect to
 the *Queen*, and in respect to the
 Duke; but finding that he was
 not charg'd with Particulars, and
 that he was taxed but in General,
 because the *Queen* would not spe-
 cify before the Duke the faults he
 had committed; he had so much
 Insolency, as to tell the *Queen*,
 that he knew not of what she could
 accuse him; and did in a kind of
 malicious way press her to declare
 his Complisses and Accusers. At
 which that Princess being more en-
 raged than ever, she Banish'd him
 from her presence.

The Duke, the too happy Duke, charmed with the success of his Journey, did by an excess of Generosity, implore the Queens Grace, and demand pardon for *Tarnaw*; but that incensed Princess told him, that she would never see him more; and that she would have him to carry that Order from her to him. The Duke answer'd her with an humble Voice, yet such as did express the joy of his heart, That he was ready to obey her; but that it was a very nice part for a Rival; that it was very probable the *Count* would not give any great Faith unto that which he should say to him, if she had not the Bounty to give him that Order in Writing; which the Queen, who was almost dead with Impatience of being rid of him, did grant presently. After which adding some little Kindness unto the Joies which the Duke already felt, she did so raise his Spirits, that he scarce felt himself. He at last tore him-
self

self from so many Inchantments,
 quite lost with Love. But he was
 no sooner at the Castle gate, but
 he found he had left upon the
 Table the Queens Order; so that
 he was forc'd to return, for it was
 the most essential piece of all his
 Commission. He enter'd the Cham-
 ber somewhat abruptly; and there
 he finds the *Count Tarnaw* with
 that Perfidious Princess. It is ea-
 sy to imagine how great was his
 Amazement; but not the Vexation,
 Rage, and Fury of his Soul! *Oh!*
Heavens, cry'd he aloud, is it possi-
ble I should be thus play'd upon! The
 Queen, who was extreemly sur-
 prised to see him return, passing
 on the suddain, as she us'd to do,
 from the Surprisal unto the Address
 of the adventure, did let her self
 loose, to such breaking forth of
 Laughter, as reduc'd the Miserable
 Duke to dispair; who looking on
 her with Eyes sparkling with fury,
 went out, without any more words.

All those devouring Poisons accompanying him home, there he found the additional Grief of a Wife almost in as ill a humour as himself, which gave him but a very cold Reception. They met by accident in the same Chamber; where it may be said they saw one another without looking: At least they were there long enough together without speaking. Mean time they were not so wholly taken up with their own Vexations, but that they sought to guess at one anothers Troubles. The Duke did mistrust that his Dear Spouse had already heard of the Visit which he had rendred to the Queen; which doubtless was the Cause of her being out of humour: But the Dutchesse was more troubled than he, in unravelling the true cause of her Husbands sorrow; and Women being naturally more Curious than Men, she could withhold no longer the desires she had
of

of informing her self of a thousand
 Suspicions. She was the first there-
 fore which broke silence, in ask-
 ing the Duke, Whence proceeded
 some certain Trouble which she
 saw spread over his face; he who
 ought to have Cause of being the
 most contented of all mortals, af-
 ter the tender and obliging Recep-
 tion which he had met with at
 Court. *It is true*, replied the Duke
 coldly, *that if my happiness consist-*
ed only in a favourable Reception,
I should have cause of being satis-
fied. What then (interrupted the
 Duchess) *Is it that such an heart*
as yours, requires something further
than to have a Rival out of favour,
and to be kindly received by the
Object it loves? Confess the truth
 (continued She,) *You would appear*
troubled before me, while you glory
in your Soul of your Conquest. Do not
force your self, (added She) *I know*
all, I know how far your acknowledg-
ments have gone, in requitall of those

Kindnesses you have received. They have obliged you to take upon you the care of bringing back your Rival. I think it is much; and that you must needs fear but little his success, or that you are very complaisant in things of such great niceties. The Duke surpris'd, that his Wife was already so well informed of what had pass'd, did feel an increase of Sorrow, and Confusion, by all she said to him, which were as so many severe Hints upon all the cruel Adventures of that day. He made no answer, which made her press him more yet; and asked him, whence proceeded his silence? whether it was that she was deceived and did falsely accuse him? No Madam, (replyed the Duke) But such pains have been taken to instruct you so well of things, that I think it not necessary to tell you more. I should be better pleas'd yet (reply'd the Dutchess) to learn them from your self; especially (continued she)

in

in what concerns your Negotiation, whether you have been well rewarded for your paines; whether your Rival has been received, as you could wish; whether——Ay, Madam, that's it, interrupted the Duke, rising, which does concern you the most; and I am willing to give you that satisfaction: Know then, continued he, in a passionate tone, that the Count is the happiest of all men. I have been the Queens property 'tis true, and that was not according to her promise; but to my sorrow, and doubtless for yours also, added he going off, Tarnaw is beloved, as much as he loves, and we are both abused.

Though the Dutches might have expected some such thing, and that she had not over much cause, neither to believe so concern'd a Lover as was her Husband; She could not, seeing so much probability, but be very much grieved at it, and yet pleas'd at his retiring.

that he might not perceive the Disorders of her Soul.

In this interval enters Count *Tapor*, in continuance of his services unto the Dutchess; he was come to tell her, how that the Duke accompanied with Count *Tarnaw*, had been that day with the *Queen*; and moreover that this last, being gone out first, one of the Women, had retained him to bring him back to the *Queen* the back way, while the Duke went out; adding, that he knew no further of the business. But that the Duke being returned again to the *Queen*, he had come forth presently again, with a very dissatisfied countenance. As for the Count he was there still, when he came to bring her the News.

The *Dutchess* being senseless and raving, during the recital of this cruel story, remained also some time after without speaking to the young Count. Who perceiving that the
advi-

advices, which he took such pains
 to give her, were not very pleas-
 ing, did retire himself with begg-
 ing pardon, for serving her better
 peradventure than she desired to
 be: *No, My Lord, You deceive your-
 self,* said the Dutchess, *I confess
 that there is no great satisfaction to
 learn how one is betrayed; but with
 me it is a thousand times more cru-
 el to be so, and not to know it; so
 that your cares and troubles are not
 useless to me, nor shall they remain
 without acknowledgments. You must
 make an end Count,* continued she
 sighing, *and if you have any tenderness
 for me, as you express of late, you
 must ayde me in overcoming the only
 Obstacle that is to your desires. I
 have naturally some inclinations for
 you, and you are in a way of expect-
 ing all from me. The Count, to
 whom so much had never been
 said before, at least by the Dutchess,
 for whom he had one of those
 passions of Romances, which are all
 fierce-*

fierceness and sighs, casts himself at her feet in the tenderest manner imaginable, thinking that there was no more but that to do, to make an end of softening his Mrs. heart. But she caused him to rise, and told him, "That she would have other kind of proofs of his Love than those. That he could not but know, that she loved Count *Tarnaw*; but that seeing she was betrayed by him, she would be revenged. Brave *Topor* did instantly offer his Arme and his Life. No, replied she smilingly, *It is neither your Blood or your Valour that I will put to tryal; Only find out a way to make me see with my own eyes, how I am betrayed; and my revenge is ready, without your being in the least concerned any further in it. As to the Duke, continued she, I am fully satisfied, and I have no more measures to observe with him; but for the Count, I confess that be it a weakness*

ness of mind, or of heart, I have need to be better informed, not to doubt any further. I must convince my heart of it with my own eyes, that I may have the Power to tear it from him; after which it shall be wholly yours. This Lover, that on this account would have attempted all the most difficult things in the World, promised boldly all to the Dutchess, as if she needed but to speak, and the business was done. But she whose mind was moulded quite another way, and who knew how many difficulties would be met with, in her designs, permitted not her self to be overtaken with the vain Ideas of the Young Count. She would conduct this business after her one way, and said to Topor, That he should only go to the Castle, to learn News of Count Tarnaw, and so return to her.

He was scarce gone from her, when the Bishop of Cracovia enter'd, who was come to see the Duke.

Duke. The pretence of his visit was taken, on the business which had passed betwixt Count *Tarnaw* and the Dutcheſs. This *Prelate* had had ſuch a conſiderable ſhare in it, as did invite him to come and juſtify himſelf towards the Husband, as to the Noiſe it had made: But his deſignes did reach farther. They tended in fortifying the Duke in the Reſentments which he ought to have of ſuch an Affront; and in offering him a means of Revenge. He ſubtilly magnified, through the deſcant which he made on each particular, the Cauſe he had to hate the Count; he ſet before him the ſhameful Conſequences which attend ſuch Adventures, and pointing at the neceſſity there was, for a man of his Honour and Quality, not to let ſuch a Treachery go unpuniſhed, he thought to have reduced him to a fit condition, to make him embrace with Zeal, an important occaſion that there was,
of

of ruining so base a Friend. The way is easy, said he: The King this night goes to lye out of Town, to be ready for the Chace to morrow. The Queen has found out some weak pretences to excuse her self from it; but of truth, it is to have the freedom of passing the whole night with Count Tarnaw. What I tell you here, continued he, with a tone and ayre to render the thing most certain, I have it from the Original. I leave you to think, if it be not a certain way of Revenge for you; and if giving notice to the King of it, like a true Subject, You can fail of having them surpris'd together, and of rendering your self at the same time considerable with the King. The Duke strangely surpris'd at the Prelates proposition, gave him a full Attention. There was no doubt but that Jealousie, which was very strong in him, did find great satisfaction in that design, and Vengeance did also spur him on, to make

make use of it. But his soul did find so much Unworthyness in the act, that he could never consent to it. He therefore told the Bishop, that he could not resolve to do what he propos'd, and that there were other braver wayes of Revenge. That he had learn'd to use that Sword which he wore; and that there was but that only way, which could give him satisfaction as to *Tarnaw's* action. The Bishop strangely surpris'd, and as sorry that he had no better success in his design, dissembled his Spight and Confusion; and to patch things up again, he seem'd to be partly of the Dukes mind, of whom he begged Secrecy, and retired home, to think on what he had to do.

Church-men rarely forgive. That Revenge which they forbid in others, is a delicate Morfel which they reserve for themselves. This had his Soul too much ulcerated with

with the Queens Cruelties, and above all against *Tarnaw*. It was not to be hoped, that he would let scape so fair an occasion of ruining them both. His Policy had prompted him at the first to make use of the Duke; but seeing he was so weak (as he thought) as to refuse those means which were offered him, as to his Revenge, he knew the way of using them himself; and no body should know from whence the Blow came, unless the Duke contrary to his word should divulge the Secret. He takes a Pen, and having the perfect art of counterfeiting his own hand writing, he wrote this Note to be given secretly to the King, when arriv'd at that Country house, where he was to lye that night.

A Faithful Subject thinks he does his duty in advertising his Prince, when he is dishonour'd. If
with

with a little diligence you this night repair to the Castle, there will be found at any time of coming, the Queen up, and Tarnaw at her feet.

This Note finish'd, he sealed it, and sent it to a man who he had near the King, who was wholly devoted to the Prelate; but he took care to instruct him withall, by what means he should make it fall into his Masters hands. His Heart being at rest on that side, he was to please it on the other, which did no less move him. He raised his Rage so far, as to have the satisfaction of being Witness of the success of the Note. The Queens Chamber answered into the great Garden; there was a Gallery under the windows, through which that Princess could descend into that Garden, when she had a desire to walk. The Bishop who had power enough in the Castle to cause
all

all places to be open'd to him, at all hours, thought to have found what he sought for, and that this Gallery was a fit place from whence to see, without danger of discovery, all that he desired to see. This only Imagination did almost bring him beyond himself; he fancied a thousand things, which were to be acted in that Chamber; which thoughts transported him. The hour finally was no sooner come of executing his design, but he took the way to the Castle, and rendred himself at the quarters of him, who had the care of the Garden; the entry into which he soon obtain'd under specious Pretences. The night was very dark. He is the most satisfied of all men: But he was not yet where he wished to be; and having found the door of the staires of that Gallery shut, he found that he had rejoyced too soon, and that nothing was done yet to any purpose, except his Wit,
or

or rather some help from Heaven
 did assist him in climbing up to
 that Gallery. Persons of that Cha-
 racter, are so well accustomed to
 implore on all accounts the assist-
 ance of the Heavenly grace, that
 they employ their Vows & Prayers
 indifferently on good & bad things.
 Our Prelate goes and comes, seeks,
 runs all over the Garden without
 lighting of any thing that could
 so much as second his good desires:
 At last as he stood gazing towards
 the windows, whence there came
 forth a very great light, he thought
 that he saw something hanging
 on the Gallery. He presently takes
 hold of it, finds it to be a Rope,
 and that rope a Ladder, to get up
 thither. What joy was this for
 him! Thus was the Heavens open'd;
 he doubted not but that it was
 the happy *Counts* Amorous Ladder;
 and without loosing of time in rea-
 soning, whether one might with
 prudence adventure on it, carryed
 head

headlong by his Passion, he begins to climb with such Nimbleness, and Dexterity, as did outgo the natural disposition of his body; for the good Lord was somewhat loaden with matter. He was already got to the uppermost Round with his hand, when Misfortune would so have it, that an unlucky Spirit on the suddain loosen'd the Ladder, to make him break his neck. He had a Leg out of Joynt; and that was not all neither, for his Back, his Head, his Armes, and all the other parts of his Body, were made sensible of so cruel a Fall: Never was such a Disaster, none but one so hardned unto misfortunes as he was, could endure the pain, and live. At the first he let go a very great Outcry, which he could not retain; after which using great violence with himself, to restrain from making any further noise, he endeavoured to drag himself as well as he could towards
that

that door he had come in at. He had rather have dyed a thousand times than given that satisfaction to the *Queen* and the *Count*, to let them know that it was he: *Oh! Unfortunate day*, cryed he to himself, *What a Night hast thou provided for me?* He was creeping as fast as he could, suffering in his Soul, as well as in his Body, such paines as it would be difficult to imagine, when he saw some People with a *Lan-thorn* which was coming towards him: He was not in a condition to avoid them; *Who goes there?* cry'd a Man? He was so out of himself, that he knew not the Voice; and without speaking his Name, he desired him to call some body to assist him in an Accident that had befallen him; *What's that I hear*, said another? *Is it not the Bishop of Cracovia?* *Ab!* My Lord, replied the pityful *Prelat*, with a strange surprisal, finding that it was the King; *Pardon an unfortunate*

unfortunate Wretch, who is going to give up the Ghost, if no pity be taken of him. Sigismond, the Prince of the World, the most tender, mov'd as much as he had been affrighted at this discourse, inquired of him what he ailed, and whether he was wounded, and what he was come there to do? But the unfortunate Prelate, whether through the Anguish he felt, by his fall, or the Trouble he was in at the Kings presence, did on the suddain loose his speech and fainted away.

Now that I may not confound my Recital with divers Incidents one upon another, which would be difficult to unravel all at once, as they happen'd that night, I shall begin to clear this, concerning the Bilhop.

The Dukc, who had a more generous Soul than that of the Prelate, not being able to resolve on the ruine of his Rival, through such means, would not however
neg-

neglect such an Advice; but designed to advantage himself by it, if not, as an open Enemy, yet however as a Jealous Lover. He had had the same thoughts of that Gallery as the Bishop had. But he was so cautious as to fit himself with a Ladder of Rope, which had already served him in other occasions, better peradventure then this was. He came to the Garden, and through the means of some Iron hooks, which he cast with strength of arme on the Gallery, having found the means of fastning his Ladder, he had got up very happily; leaving his Machine hanging, that in case of necessity, it might alwayes be ready to descend.

The *Queen* was in her Chamber with the happy *Tarnaw*, without the least care or fear, having no other witness, but Love; relishing all the delights which that God is capable to afford. The Bedside on which they were, was so disposed that

that all could be seen that was done there from the Windows, whose Curtains by ill fortune were left undrawn, so that the over-curious Duke, did see with his own eyes such things, as sufficiently did punish his Curiosity. The Queen was seated on a pile of Cushions, of *Crimson Damask*, and the Count near her, on the Carpet which cover'd the Estrade, having his fine head negligently resting on that Princess knees; who passing her hand over his face, *Well Tarnaw*, said she, will you escape from me any more; and shall I again be put to the trouble of seeking for you? I will infuse so much Love into you, added she with some passion, before you get out of my hands again, that you shall have no more eyes but for me: I consent to it my Princess, answered this Lover, with a passionate ayr, Redouble, if it be possible, that heat that I feel for you: It can cost me but my Life.

H

But

But the pleasure to dye for so charming a Princess, is better than the happiest Life, that the Heavens can give. You have forgot the Dutchesse then, replied the Queen languishingly. Ah! Madam, replied that Lover, I have forgot all; and I only remember that I love, and that I am beloved of all that which is most charming in the World. That is not enough yet, replied the Queen; I have something more to exact from your passion. What can you ask of me Madam, replied he, but what my heart will rejoyce at the performance of? I will have you, continued the Queen, to tell me your whole story with the Dutchesse. Tarnaw began to sigh! You sigh, said that Princess? Tes Madam, replied that Lover, I sigh, because that I cannot guess at the pleasure you can have, in a Recital which can no longer have any thing that's pleasing for me, and much less for you. But the Queen being resolved to be satisfied, the

Count

Count was forced to put himself in a readiness to obey her. The Duke, who till then, had open'd his Eyes and Eares, unto things that did burst his heart, was preparing with this story for such a Regalia as would make an end of killing him. And I verily believe that this time he had wished to have been both deaf and blind: But he was to follow his destiny. *Courage*, said he, *Let us use the utmost of our Patience.* When a certain noise which was coming from that side his Ladder was on, through the stress which the Bishop made in getting up, made him turn his head, and oblig'd him at the same time to go see what it was: He no sooner perceived that it was a man, whose Curiosity it may be did carry him unto that Boldness, as to know for what use the Ladder was there, but loosening presently the Hooks, he sent him down again faster than he had a mind to go. He heard him

him cry out, but he little troubled himself with it; his soul was so fill'd with Spight and Rage, that there was no room left for Pity and Compassion. If he had known that it was the Bishop, he had comforted himself by it of part of his troubles; for he loved him not; and that was the only Pleasure that he was then capable of. He for some time after still lent an ear to observe, whether this Adventure would not have some other conclusion. He thought the man very patient to make no more noise than he did. But he was strangely surpris'd when he heard the Kings voice; he knew it too well, and it was too different from others to be mistaken. He did not well apprehend what He said; but as he thought He was speaking to the man that was fallen; which he fancy'd might be some of his People, that he had sent to learn what passed on that side. He lost no time; there

there was none to lose ; and knocking two or three times at the *Queens* Chamber door, he caus'd a great Amazement in those two Lovers. The *Queen* strangely affrighted, rose with her Gallant to endeavour to get him off ; but too late ; the other doors were already seized on : Fear increases ; she doubts not but that it is the King : She knows not what to do : No place secure to conceal the poor *Tarnaw* in ; there was nothing but the Chimney, which us'd to be lock'd up. She runs there with him, but no hopes of opening it. All thing conspire their Ruine. There's greater knocking than ever. The *Queen* is past all hopes ; at last *Tarnaw* makes a last attempt, and the danger giving him a double strength, he breaks the lock, and maugre all other Obstacles, he opens the Chimney, and finds it garnished with two persons, which the great Distraction he was in, did not

permit him to discern at first. The
Queen, who was in too great a Dis-
 order of mind to perceive it, thinks
 of nothing, seeing that door open,
 then to run at that they knock-
 ed at; and finds that it was the
 Duke of *Ostrog*: She remain'd con-
 founded at it at first! But having a
 little re-assur'd her self, through the
 joy she had that it was not that
 which she feared; she set her self
 in a kew of quarrelling with the
 Duke, and asked with what Inso-
 lency he durst come at that hour
 thus to disturb her in her Chamber,
 to kill her with Fear? *It is not time*
now Madam, replyed the Duke very
 seriously, and with a loud voice,
to treat me ill. I have seen all, I
have heard all. And what have you seen
or heard? interrupted that Princess,
With what Authority do you come to
examine my actions? Authority Madam
 replyed the Duke? *I know what I owe*
you; But I give you notice that he that
has all Right here, the King, is in the

Garden. The King in the Garden?
 replied the Queen, changing her
 tone, *then you do revenge your self*
my Lord Duke. It would not be a-
gainst you Madam, answered the
 Duke, *that I would revenge my self.*
I can ruin you, I can save you; but
make use of me, you will have occasion
for it, for the King is not here for
nothing. Would you be generous,
 replied the Queen, *to that height*
to forget.——*You need not to fear*
any thing from me, Madam, reply-
 ed the Duke, *and Count Tarnaw*
needs not to hide himself; It should
not be in such an occasion as this that
I would appear his Enemy. But who
do I see? added he, crying out,
my Wife! At these words the Queen
 also having turn'd her head, did
 not see with less surprisal than he,
 the Dutchess of Ostrog, and Count To-
 por coming out of the Chimney,
 with Count Tarnaw: They stood
 staring on one another without
 one word speaking, as if there had

been a kind of Enchantment amongst them that had rendr'd them speechless. But their Souls did not expresse themselves the less, through their Eyes and Actions, each conveying their sighs on what concerned them most; above all the Queen, the Dutches, and the Duke, who being agitated with different sorts of Passions, had different Motions, which sometimes led them towards Jealousie, sometimes towards Shame. This dumb shew was succeeded by another scene, which was no less troublesome, which began at the Kings entring: This Prince very much troubled at the Bishop's mischance, who he thought to bee dead, had caus'd him to be taken up by his People which he had with him, and having given order to some body to take care of the unfortunate Prelate, and to put him without noise into some Chamber, not willing to lose one moment of time for fear of any surprisal,

fal, he caus'd two armed men to
 go before him, and advanced to-
 wards the Queens Apartment. He
 went up the Gallery, of which he
 had a key; and causing his two
 Guards to stay at the door, he went
 into the Queens Chamber. At first
 his Wonder was great, to find her
 in such company; but his Joy was
 not less; for he had no desire to find
 her guilty. That Princess, who had
 a Presence of mind most admirable,
 did no sooner see him, but running
 towards him; *Ah! Sir at this hour*
to return so unexpectedly, doubtless
that some extraordinary business has
happened. The King was still so dis-
 turb'd at the troublesome Distrusts
 which had brought him there, & es-
 pecially at the sad sight of the Bishop
 of Cracovia, that he could not an-
 swer any thing to the Queen; which
 made that Princess to continue in
 this manner: *You doubtless think it*
very strange, Sir, to see such Persons
here, who according to a great deal
of

of reason should not be together; But I was willing to end what I had begun; I thought, continued she, that I should do a thing which would please you, in reconciling the Duke and Count Tarnaw together, and I have taken the most interest'd Parties for witnesses. I have heard the Justifications of the accused; and finally they are all agreed. The King did seem to be well satisfied with that Accomodation, having no great difficulty of adding faith unto that which the Queen said, seeing that no Person in the Company durst contradict her: But for all that he had a design, to cause those three Lords to be arrested, if not on his account, at least on that of the Bishop's death, of whom he would know who was guilty; when one of his Servants came and told him, that the Bishop was better, and that his greatest hurt was his Ankle out of joynt. This news having in some measure settled the Kings mind, He appeared some-

something more chearful ; but he being tired with his late journey, he would go rest himself, putting off till the morrow the further clearing of all that nights Adventures : The Queen followed him, and the rest of the Company went where they pleas'd ; and I draw the Scene.

FINIS.
